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DECEMBER, 1989

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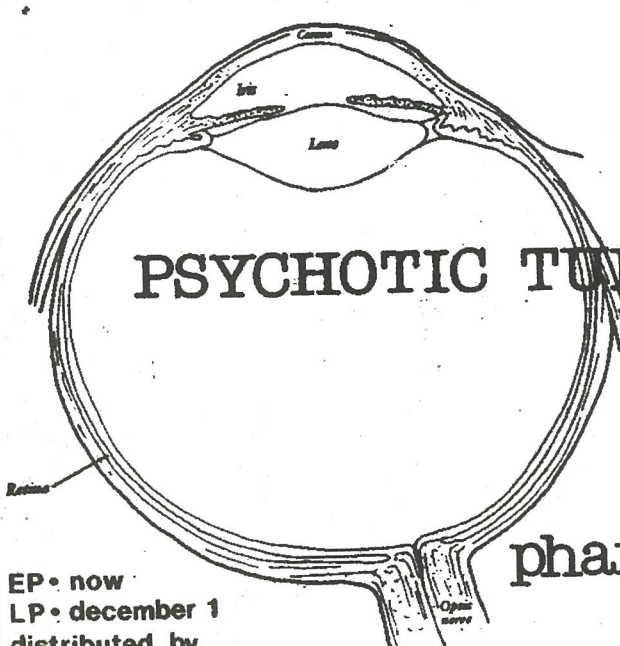


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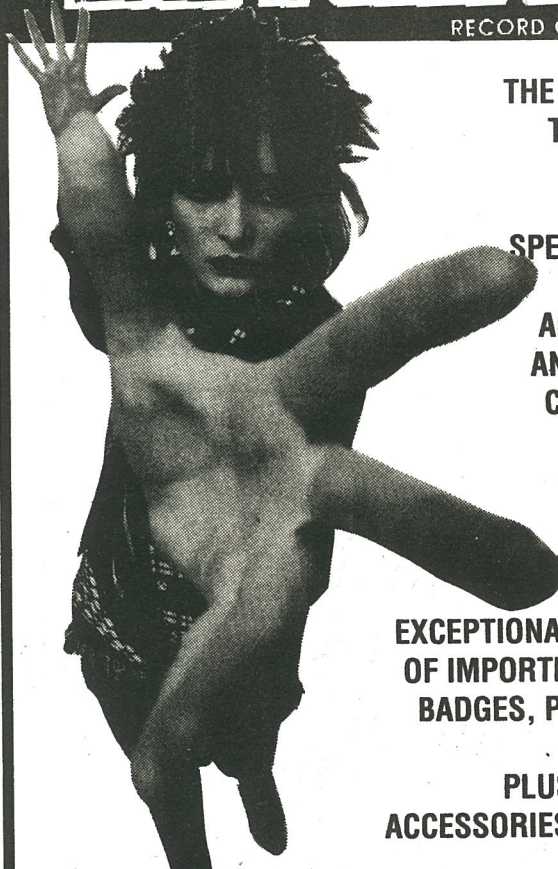


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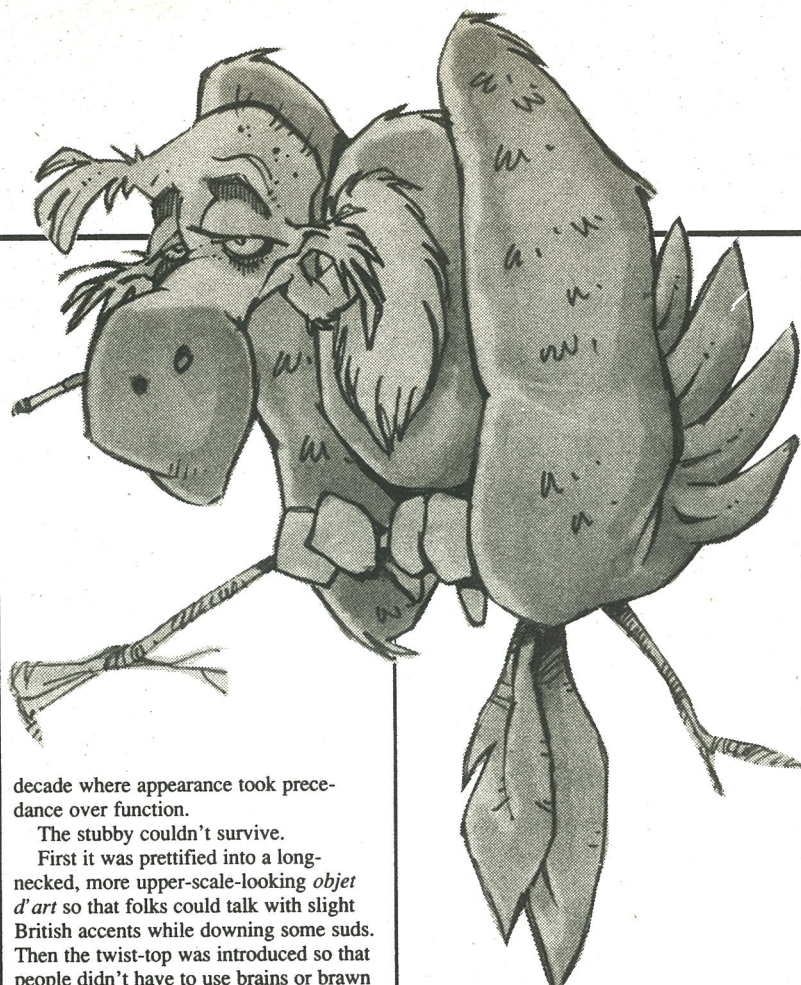
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It's really weird being the editor of RearGarde.

I mean, we kind of look at the 'zine as a glorified fanzine, with an attitude and an approach at grammar to match. But, at the same time, we're big enough and established enough that we're regarded in some circles as some sort of cultural authority. So, while I can still manage to get tossed out of the occasional metro station by Montreal's Finest for having the wrong haircut, at the same time I'll get calls from *Maclean's* magazine and the CBC asking me to comment on life in general.

So I pontificate a lot, and guess at things a lot, and invent the occasional statistic.

Recently, the CBC phoned up. They're doing a Look Back At The Eighties. So... let's look back at the eighties. It's kind of hard to focus on a decade, at least it was until I talked to faithful RearGarde worker Will Richards the other day. After that it was easy to realize that the decade could be summed up by what happened to beer bottles over the last ten years.

I mean, remember back to the early 80's. The Quebec Beer Bottle was short and stubby. So stubby in fact, that folks had imaginatively nicknamed it the "stubby." All bottles were interchangeable, cases were sturdy and reusable, and nothing twisted off anything.

It wasn't the prettiest system in the world, but it was very functional. Everyone had fun playing with physics, trying to figure out new methods to open bottles without an opener—on desktops, with their teeth, with keys... though people who could open a stubby with their eye socket earned my eternal admiration. The stubbys weren't the most delicate-looking things in the world, but they were a Quebec trademark, a cultural icon, and, like Will says, "they were a lot easier to throw at people."

Then came the Yuppie Decade. The decade where the Trend was King (or Queen) even if the trend was 25 years old. The decade where pastels were in, sweat was out (unless you had a designer sweatband to soak it up), the decade where everyone was eighteen again even if most of the 18-year-olds were "thirty-something" (46) and looked it. The

decade where appearance took precedence over function.

The stubby couldn't survive.

First it was prettified into a long-necked, more upper-scale-looking *objet d'art* so that folks could talk with slight British accents while downing some suds. Then the twist-top was introduced so that people didn't have to use brains or brawn when confronted with The Dreaded Bottle Cap. The cases changed to throw-aways—despite everyone's much-reported heightened 'ecowareness'—because none of the bottles were standard any more.

Then, who could forget the shorter-lived trends: The bottom-bottle opener, for those who didn't want to damage their finger-nails; American beer, which must be good because it's American even if most of it tastes like bottled cans; the God-awful designer colours on some brands, like Molson Golden's green bottle which, if nothing else, reminded you what happened if you drank a case too fast.

Those trends died out, or died down, but gosh they were fun while they lasted, weren't they.

The one beer that seemed to avoid this trendiness was Black Label, being one of the last to make the inevitable change to the designer bottle/cap/case/etc. So much so that it became the beer of choice of many alternative types. Then, of course, some marketing genius noticed this and decided to make being untrendy the trendiest thing around by dressing some Toronto models in black clothing, adding a little 60's throwback stuff, and making the bottle even taller and more trendy than everyone else. Great. Just great.

It must be better!

...So what has this got to do with music, you ask.

Well, talking about instant trends, let me remind you of picture discs, 10-inches, cassettes, coloured vinyl, box sets, the New Romantics, punk-funk, world beat, new age, new wave, performance artists, house, acid house, acid, live aid, band aid, hearing aid, digital recording, CDs, DATs, and the fact that radio now totally ignores folks under 30.

If the 70's was the Me Decade, the 80's were the Not You Decade, when the

Me Generation grew up, decided it didn't like growing up, and started living in the past. Unfortunately, they've dragged the rest of us with them.

The good news: Independents!

Fact is, the Youth Culture created in the 50's and 60's died when the baby boom bulge that created it grew old. But now there's a real youth sub-culture that grew out of the late 70's Punk stuff: Independent labels, artists, zines, radio stations, and now our own independent beers.

Okay, so let's hear it for St-Ambroise (whether or not they take out huge ads) for bucking a trend, and putting out a beer with substance (taste, that is), and for Le Cheval Blanc and any others out there who're ignoring the mass-marketing trends and going for taste above form.

Paul Gott

...Okay, so I reached for that metaphor. It was worth it to do an editorial about beer. Cheers.

GOODBYE '80s AND GOOD RIDDANCE



EN GARDE

Letters	4
Banned Info	4
Lydia Lunch	9
Class Ads	10
New Kids (War Brides)	11
Chris & Cosey	11
Lunachicks	13
In Concert	15
Rockin' With The Rev	18
Public Enemy	19
Scream	21
Records	23
A Little Undercover Work	24
For Cassettes Only	25
3rd Man In	27
Crackin'	28
Flaming Lips	28
Berlin Music Fest	29
Dead Milkmen	29
Chris Isaak	31

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Ya know we're organized coz we got a Second class postage registration number: 8182.

Yo, and welcome to the final installment of Banned Info for the 1980's...

What A Way To Start A Column Department: We start this off by saying goodbye to one of Montreal's longest-lasting bands. **Deja Voodoo** are breaking up after playing the Voodoo Bar-B-Q in Montreal.

"Everything that makes the bad parts of being on the road bearable are gone," says Gerard. "Sort of like, the first time out we could go 'Oh boy, here we are in Regina.' Now the thrill is gone. I also think people are getting sick of us, especially in Canada. We go to Winnipeg and people are happy to see us, but it's the seventh time we've played in the same club to the same people."

While the band is no more, Tony and Gerard will be putting more time into **OG Music**: "We'll stop putting out the *Voodoo Train*, so we'll have to think of another way to promote our records," says Gerard. "But we're both getting day jobs, so our cash flow will hopefully be not quite so tight."

As for the bands on OG—who knows? "Tony and my tastes have changed over the years in completely different directions," says Gerard. "I've gotten more wimpy and Tony's gotten more aggressive. I'll be happy at home with an old blues album while Tony's listening to the latest from the Butthole Surfers."



The American Devices and friends.

PHOTO: Sacha Lyn

On the way: **Deja Voodoo** live LP, **Vindications** 6-song LP, **Supreme Bagg Team** LP, and a **Dik Van Dykes** single "just to prove they're still around."

Feeling Groovy Department: Okay, so **Huge Groove** broke-up, reformed, broke-up, and... "We're trying to get it back together again," says lead dude John. "Basically, I've kind of gone solo and I've got a bunch of people who are practiced on different instruments. And whoever I'm not pissed off with at the time—and who's not

pissed off at me—I guess I'll play with."

A couple of gigs coming up include a possible one at Foutounes on the 28th with the **Northern Vultures** and the **Bunchofuckingoofs**.

"Yeah, it's definitely rolling again," says John. "Colin from **Bliss** plays both bass and drums for us now. At our last show he started on bass with Kelly on drums, and then he moved to drums and our old bassist Chris played some tunes. It's a communal sort of thing."

'Speaking of Bliss' Smooth Transition Department: Speaking of **Bliss**... "We just came out of Montreal Sound with five new tracks," says Iain. "We're approaching record companies with it, and it looks really good to get something out with one."

The band's also going back into the studio in January, plus "We've got new t-shirts just in time for Christmas." Those marketing geniuses.

The band's also been doing a lot of out-of-town shows, including a Maritime sweep,

and the **Monsters of Guelph** (Guelph and Toronto) tour with the **Ripcordz**.

Any Road Gore stories, Iain? "Well, we counted more cows than the **Ripcordz** did. Let's face it, going on the road is just not a gory thing." Not if you're not with the **Asexuals**, I guess.

"We've been doing a lot of shows recently, but our upcoming show at Foutounes is our first Montreal show in months, I tell you, Months," says Iain. "This isn't out of choice. We just seem to have a lot of shows cancelled on us."

Imported Band Department: Well, not exactly imported, tho' they did emigrate from Newfoundland to our fair city en masse. Yes, we's talkin' **Lizard**, here.

"Montreal? It's much better than Saint John, much more happenning," says Scott. "Montreal was the closest reference point—a big city with a pretty good hardcore scene. The only problem was when we played Quebec City recently and no one there spoke English, and no one in the band spoke French. It was a bit of a hassle, but I'm beginning to pick up some key phrases."

The band's been gaining a large following in MTL and've just started doing shows out-of-town. "We've got a four-day mini-tour deal with **Corrosion of Conformity** coming up—Montreal, Quebec City, Ottawa and Toronto. That should get us some

LETTERS

Catty Comments

Dear Blake Cheetah,

We think you're swell! We think you have a really cool jacket!

When your hair was long (when you played bass for **Jerry Jerry**) you never burned it with your cigarette! We think that's ultra-cool! (**Asexuals** talk)

When you wear glasses, you look smart! We bet you are smart!

We read your stories in the **RearGarde** newspaper. They're great!

We think your new haircut is cool! (I like your boots!) (I like your knees!)

We hope your band becomes #1!!! Are you a GOD?

Your loving fans,
The Secret Admirers

instead of messin' with other people's efforts.

Zippy

The Jerry Jerry Report

RearGarde,

First off I'd like to say that I wish you were more easily available in T.O., but then again, as Mr. Jerk said, "Who gives a fuck about T.O.?"

But on to things more important than moi. I've read Jerry Jerry's name in your mag, but I haven't read a word (latently) about Jerry Jerry and the Sons of Rhythm Orchestra. Have they split? I see Jerry Jerry still plays around town, but does he have a band? Who's in it? Will they put out another record? How about Edmonton's Colour Me Psycho?

Also, as an exiled Montrealer living in the Godforsaken Wasteland known as HogTown, I loved Paul Gott's "To T.O." Always love to read insulting articles about this place.

Jeff C.

P.S. I woulda sent beer but it kept leaking out of the envelope.

(Okay, Jerry's still playing with a band, but none of the original parts are in it, so they've dropped that part of the name. Cheetah of the Sons is now with the **Asexuals** and works for us in order to avoid going back to his job as a bingo parlour receptionist and general reprobate. Will JJ release another LP? Probably. When? I dunno. Finally, everyone in Montreal thought I was praising T.O. in last issue's editorial, and folks in your fair city thought I was insulting it. I wasn't doing neither, really, just comparing some trivial things—I don't really see any point in the old Montreal-Toronto rivalry that seems to've been going on forever. And, yes, I know the problem with the beer—we've got some awful foul-smelling soggy packages in the mail recently—ed.)

Loved the Rockets

Dear RearGarde,

Amanlee Choo-Foo's dismal review of the La Ronde Love and Rockets show reflects an extremely obtuse, restricted understanding of that band's background. She seems to have knocked the show because not enough of Love and Rockets "groovy old stuff" was played.

May I suggest that your critic's nostalgia is misdirected since what she fails to point out is that all three members of Love and Rockets were once members of an infinitely better band... **Bauhaus**. Since **Bauhaus** broke up in 1983, only four Love and Rockets records have been released, the most recent of which is no more commercial than the others (yes, *So Alive* was in the Top 40, but so was *Ball of Confusion*).

Any "goth" fans who may have been present are undoubtedly those who see Love and Rockets as part of something greater. If Miss Choo-Foo's knowledge of music doesn't extend any further than five years ago she should stick to some other acts she

mentions from the La Ronde line-up like Rick Astley and Jody Watley.

Josh Bezonsky

(Amanlee reviewed the show based on the group post-Bauhaus, which is the way the band presents itself and always insists that there is no relationship between themselves and their oldest incarnation. Perhaps she just makes more of a distinction between the new LP and their older stuff. Personally, *Bauhaus* always made me want to woof my cookies—ed.)

A Warning

Dear RearGarde,

I am writing because I feel the need to warn unsuspecting readers about a band that has been getting some attention recently in **RearGarde** and (dare I say it) **M.E.A.T.** The band I'm referring to is **Blackglama**, who claim they are "The best band in Toronto."

Imagine **Cronos** of **Venom** attempting to sing (growl) overtop of sub-par **Guns N' Roses** wanna-be tunes and miserably failing. Indeed, this is what I witnessed one night in April at the famed **Apocalypse**

Club. In fact, they were so horrendous that my three cohorts and I had to wait outside in anticipation of the end of their abysmal set. I have no idea why they were on the same bill as **The Wamsee** and **Das Damen** (who, by the way, were heavy as hell and made them look like complete amateurs).

I'll admit to being a bit biased against typical, clichéd, cowboy-booted glam metal bands, but they guys are truly one of the worst bands I have ever seen. So beware intelligent listeners, **Blackglama** are not nearly what they would have you believe.

Yours Truly,

Steve Mills

(Fact is, I can't comment on the band 'cos I've never seem 'em. And it wouldn't matter anyway because we don't have any policy on covering bands (or not)—if someone wants to write about a band, they get covered. I do get the feeling, however, that **Blackglama** have been reading up on **Malcolm McLaren's** golden rules for becoming famous, cos they do seem to get an awful lot of people pretty worked up. This K.C. dude ain't crying in his cowboy boots with all this publicity, that's fer darn sure—ed.)

Not Dead Yet

Dear RearGarde,

Thanks for being the only publication that ever dared to put the **Dik Van Dykes** on their front cover (September issue).

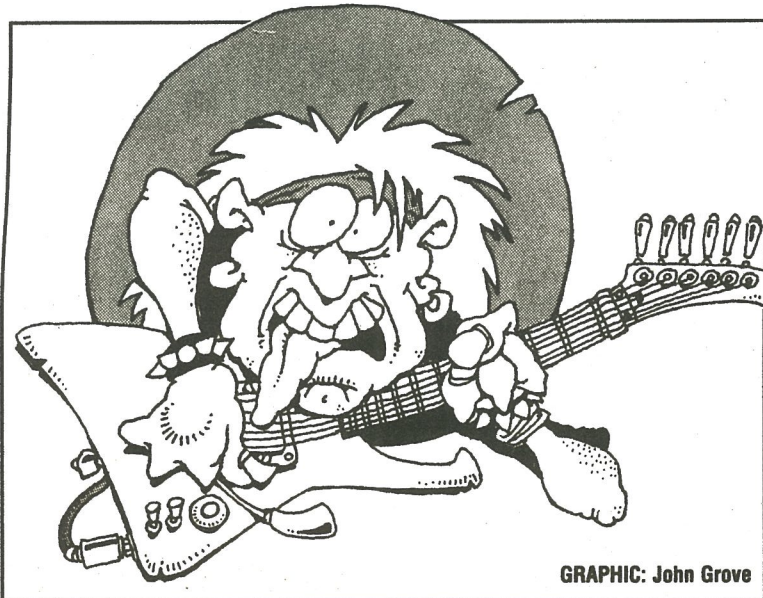
However, the October issue proclaimed that we had split up. While this is entirely accurate, I changed my mind and went back to recording our new single *Little Lobster on the Prairie*. Should be finding its way underneath your coffee mugs very early in the new year.

Our New Year's prediction?

We'll be uglier, stupider, still on OG and we won't win a Juno. Here's hoping your X-mas is a Nightmare on 34th Street.

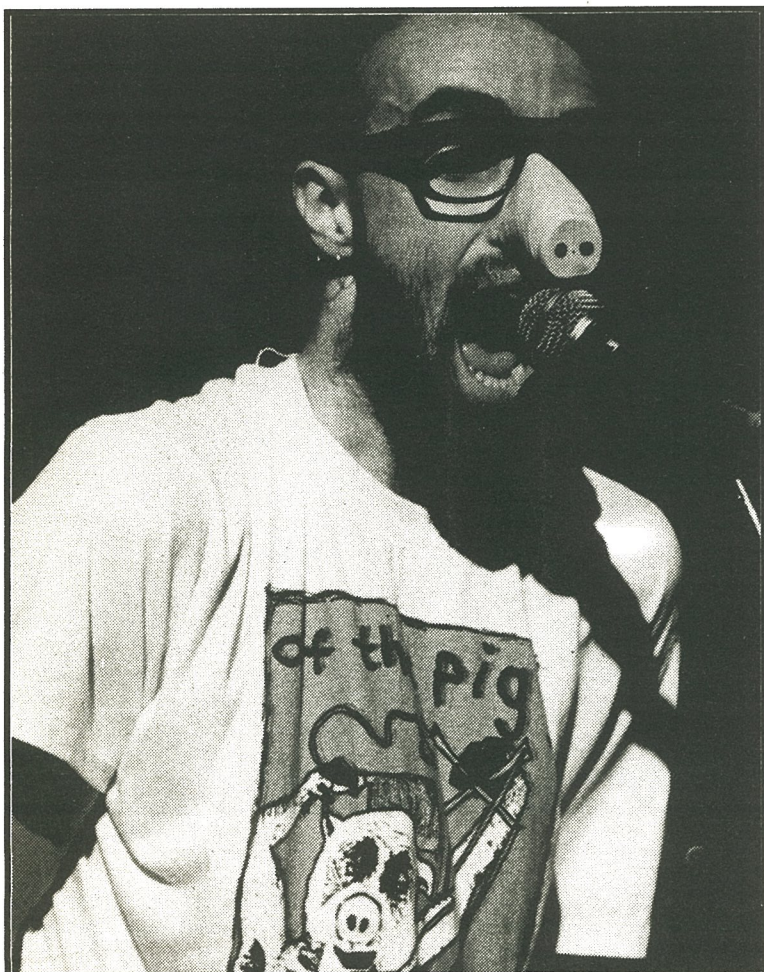
Poignantly,

Dik Van Dykes



GRAPHIC: John Grove

Letters c/o **RearGarde**, P.O. Box 1421, Station H, Montreal, Quebec H3G 2N4.



Bliss.

PHOTO: Shawn Scallen

good exposure," says Scott. "We've just got the van happening, so we're hoping to push down to New York and get out-of-town shows more often."

Lizard also just finished recording 16 songs, "But we still have to do vocals and mix it, so we don't know how the final product will sound yet," says Scott. "We'll have to wait before we decide if we're going to use it as a demo, or sell it, or even use it at all."

More Popperganda Department: "We're putting out another *My Dog Popper* LP," says Eric. "Our contracts's been bought up by this company called Cargo. They offered Patois Records a huge amount of cash, and they just had to sell the rights. Hopefully, we'll also be doing a double-CD release of the first two albums."

They've got 10 new songs and they've

already started recording in Steve Krevac's new 16-track studio in the old Psyche-Industry space. "It's got everything," says Eric. "All the latest equipment, and they've even got microphone stands."

Some tunes include *Truck Stop Of Love* ("a sonic opera of mid-West proportions"), *We Could've Been Big* ("another true life story")... "Ah, we just rip off all the old songs from the first album and put some new words in."

The new LP'll be a star-studded affair with their old drummer Lars being flown in from Edmonton, and guests including Rob Finn from *Satan's Landlord* on guitar, Al Golum from *Sons of the Desert* on triangle ("honest—you'll hear it"), and any one else they can talk into going into the studio. "We've even got Jerry from DBC to play a we don't need props any more. I don't



BANNED INFO

believe him."

Future plans: "We'll be breaking up to support the record. It seems we sell a lot more that way."

'Speaking Of Break-Ups' Smooth Transition Department: The Alternative Inuit are no more. Probably.

"Have we broken up? Fuck, I don't know," says Fred. "In Drew's words: 'Yeah, no.' We aren't playing right now and if we do start up again it will be with a different format and a different name."

Different format?

"A different singer," says Fred. "People either wanted to do school really well or the band really well, and we were registered for school, so... We didn't want to be a half-assed band with bad grades."

Happenin' Thang Department: The Birth Defects just keep on doing Things and more Things.

"We've got a lot of new projects we're working on," says Pete. "We've got a promo pack together for our cassettes and we're sending about 200 out to places across Canada, Europe, South America—all over. And we're going to go Christmas shopping for distribution companies."

Between 700 and 750 cassettes have already been distributed, but getting promotional packages together has really delayed other plans for the band.

Now they're back doing shows includ-

ing a 'united scene' show at Foulfoules on January 4 with Onix from Quebec City and The Trapt from Ottawa.

"We're trying to book out-of-town shows through bands and not through promoters," says Pete. "That's exactly why we put together this show without going through any

kiss-ass promoter. It's the principle of the thing, not the money."

Roller Coaster From Hell Department: The American Devices are putting together a video right now where the central theme is the aforementioned 'coaster from warm regions.



The Randy Peters.

PHOTO: Shawn Scallen

Capital Punishment

by John Sekerka

Plot is leaving the Randypeters for that tropical hot spot Amsterdam. This could be it for the Peters unless one of those big-shot record companys kicks in. There's lots of interest but marketing strategies are holding things back. Hmm. Meanwhile the remaining trio are performing as a non-serious band. All this gibberish just to lead up to the song of the month by the aforementioned which can only be found on a rough demo. Fuck Off (sorry everybody) is stupid, inane, sloppy and really grand on a Friday night.

Speaking of possible demises, can the Town Cryers be heading anywhere but nowhere? Two former members are now strumming guitars for the Dollarbillies and the rest have been auspiciously non noisy.

Caught the Whirlygigs at the tail of their brief stay over before they head eastward in their gruelling coast to coast trek. Love the band, but hell, Alex and Jeff have to something about their vagabond attire. For more on Alex see next paragraph.

Yes Alex has also joined one of two Ottawa supergroups. Other members include violinist Pat Rooney (ex-Boys Next Door), bassist Tom Fagan (ex-Sombrero Fallout), guitarist Paul Hogan and drummer Barry Mironchick (both ex of the Steefgirs). Yeah the 'Girks are no more. The Vics are already booked for a couple of shows, the verdict comes down in the next issue.

Supergroup number two. The Insomniacs, consists of Steve Dinunzio (ex Fluid Waffle), George Brook (Sophisticated Neumes), Lee Utley and Chris Williams (ex-After The Fact). No gigs to report as of now.

Due to peer pressure concerning the nazi overtones of Final Solution, the band will now be known as Holocaust Which Killed Off The Interiors Leaving The Supreme Race. Whoops, check the spelling of that, it should read Violent Solution.

Speaking of racism and the such, a bunch of skinheads were apparently going to have a big shoving match on a bridge because MDC where in town. Well I missed all the commotion because I was watching Camper take the skinheads bowling. A reasonable solution I might add.

Much as I hate Johnny M. he's doing the United Way thing (concert and album), so he's in my good books for the month.

Met up with Men, Machine and Nursery the other day. Two thirds Jersey, one third Ottawa, and no bass could prove... uh, interesting. They debuted on Halloween at Cafe Alternatif which is finally back to booking local bands.

The Standing have a new EP (or cassette depending on who's talking) and a video for The Cause on the way.

Time to spread some nasty cassette rumours. Monkey Cola are getting too big to not have one out. And Fun For Malachi have to be right behind.

Finally heard the Doors cover on the Boys Next Door's Vault, and it cooks. I especially enjoy the cheesy organ and grinding opening. CBS in France is biting but what does that mean? The Boys cracked the Top 20 on a cool commercial radio station while in Paris and how many of us can say that? Okay, with enough practises you can say it.

The man responsible for most of Barrymore's postering and the largest white mohawk in Eastern Ontario, "Thrash" Bob Jones, is getting hitched. And we thought the stag thing was a hoax. If you wanna check out that do, go to Zaphods on Tuesday night where Bob'll gladly refuse your Abba request.

A couple of months ago Ottawa booted CKCU's Nadine out of town. Now she's one of the head honchos at CKUT doncha know, where her spirit is being felt no doubt (er let me rephrase that... nah forget it). Anyway she had a wallop' dance show on Fridays that is now hosted by Jim "What do you mean you don't like KISS?" Rielly. Somebody get me a drink.

Hotdogging It at the BBQ



"The Voodoo Barbeque is Deja Voodoo's last show, so that's a reason to go," says Gerard. "E.J. (Brulé) is threatening to do his set nude, so that's a reason not to go." But, before we go on. To answer everyone's most pressing question: It's Hot Dogs this year.

There, all the mystery has been taken out of the Barbecue. You can just go and enjoy the music now. That's December 8 & 9 in Toronto, and the 15th in Montreal.

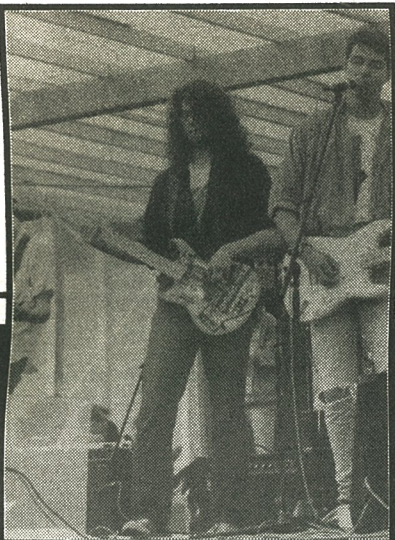
"Because the promoter in Toronto doesn't understand the concept, they'll serve hot dogs all night," says Gerard. "In Montreal there's only 300—it's the way we get people in early... So they're finished before E.J. gets on stage."

And, that's one dog a piece, okay? "I'm tired of underfed skinheads lining up five times with different voices," says Gerard. "Though we do have a lot more people working this year so we should have shorter line-ups."

Speaking of line-ups: 8th: Voodoo, Gruesomes, UIC, Ripcordz, Supreme Bagg Team, E.J. Brulé and Gordie Gordo and the G-Men at the Siboney in Toronto. 9th: Voodoo, Jerry Jerry, UIC, Ripcordz, E.J. Brulé, Captain Crunch & Let's Do Lunch, 10 Commandments and the House of Knives and at the Siboney. 15th: Deja Voodoo, Gruesomes, UIC, Ripcordz, E.J. Brulé, Captain Crunch, Desmonds, The Stand and the Ulterior Motive at the Laurier Church, 454 Laurier East, in Montreal.

Shows start at eight, and stop before public transport does. Get there early—there's a lot of music happening for your five bucks. Turn up an hour late and you've missed three bands.

"It's great for people who like to go to the big event type of thing, and for people who like to catch the metro," says Gerard. "There isn't as much of that negative stuff and bullshit that goes on in bars. Just lots of bands, lots of music, cheap beer, and hot dogs." Amen.



Fish 'n Rod.
PHOTO: Todd Bishop

Newfoundscene

By Sue Amoeba

Okay, I know you probably don't care about what's happening on the St. John's scene but I figured if I tell you you'll have to read it. Otherwise, subscribers to RearGarde will be wasting bucks by not reading the entire thing, and people who pick it up for nothin' don't want to waste the energy it takes to carry home this article if they're not going to read it. See? You're screwed already.

Bands have gone into hibernation for the winter. A few are still gigging around but things just ain't what they used to be. Burger Horse/Terror Newfs or whatever the hell else they're called is the most active band on the go right now. They seem to be filling in for everybody and everything including themselves until the slow season dies down. These bands are sort of what's left over of the Fleming Street Massacre Blues Band when school time rolls around and people go away, thrown together with a few guys scrounged from other bands.

Fleming Street being a band structured from whoever is around to play at the time. Christmas will probably see the merger of Fleming Street with the non-Fleming Street members of Burger Horse and Terror Newfs. As I see it, the only reason Terror Newfs and Burger Horse aren't the Fleming Street Massacre Blues Band right now is that Fleming Street requires at least six or seven people on the stage at once to exist.

Dead Reckoning, one of Newfoundland's most original and popular acts, have shocked the world by taking a break and going to school. Jesus. What's the world coming to? Meanwhile, their much-awaited cassette still hasn't come out. Maybe they sent it to the North Pole for delivery by reindeer. Whatever the case, that release is going to be a hot item if it ever appears on the market, and if the byes ever start playing again (God, it seems we've been waiting forever) guaranteed there's going to be a few people getting on the go. (Newfese for partying, dancing, and drinking a LOT).

Word has it that we should expect releases from a few other bands real soon. As I write, the new six track cassette from Fish 'n Rod is in the process of distribution. I have it on good authority from the band's bass player, Don Ellis, that the cassette is going to be cheap and damn good. Anybody that knows Fish 'n Rod doesn't need to be told about the damn good part. These guys are rockin'. If the name Don Ellis sounds familiar to any of you mainland types it's probably because you've heard him play with Rise either live or on the new RearGarde compilation, On Garde.

Another cassette that's long overdue in some people's eyes is the new Joyful Noise release tentatively called Babbling About Bob. Bob is the Band's keyboardist. In case you're wondering, Joyful Noise is not a religious phenomenon, but rather a pseudo-alternative pop group comparable to Scruffy the Cat or Rush. Joyful Noise and Dead Reckoning are two of a very few bands in St. John's that don't exist due to band incest. Just about every other act on the scene is a product of other bands that have merged or swapped members.

The Extraordinary Mrs. Wicks is a brand new group, who haven't gigged yet, but have a couple of releases at CHMR-FM, the Memorial University radio station. The band is (surprise surprise) formed by members of two other local bands: Jericho Mile has seen its demise as most of its members became Mrs. Wicks. The Bottom Dogs turned over their lead vocals to Mrs. Wicks. The Extraordinary Mrs. Wicks has that Joyful Noise sound, which comes as a kind of shock when you realize that the vocalist is a product of a melodic/skate thrash band. These guys are too new to judge yet, but we'll wait and see. At this point, anything could happen.

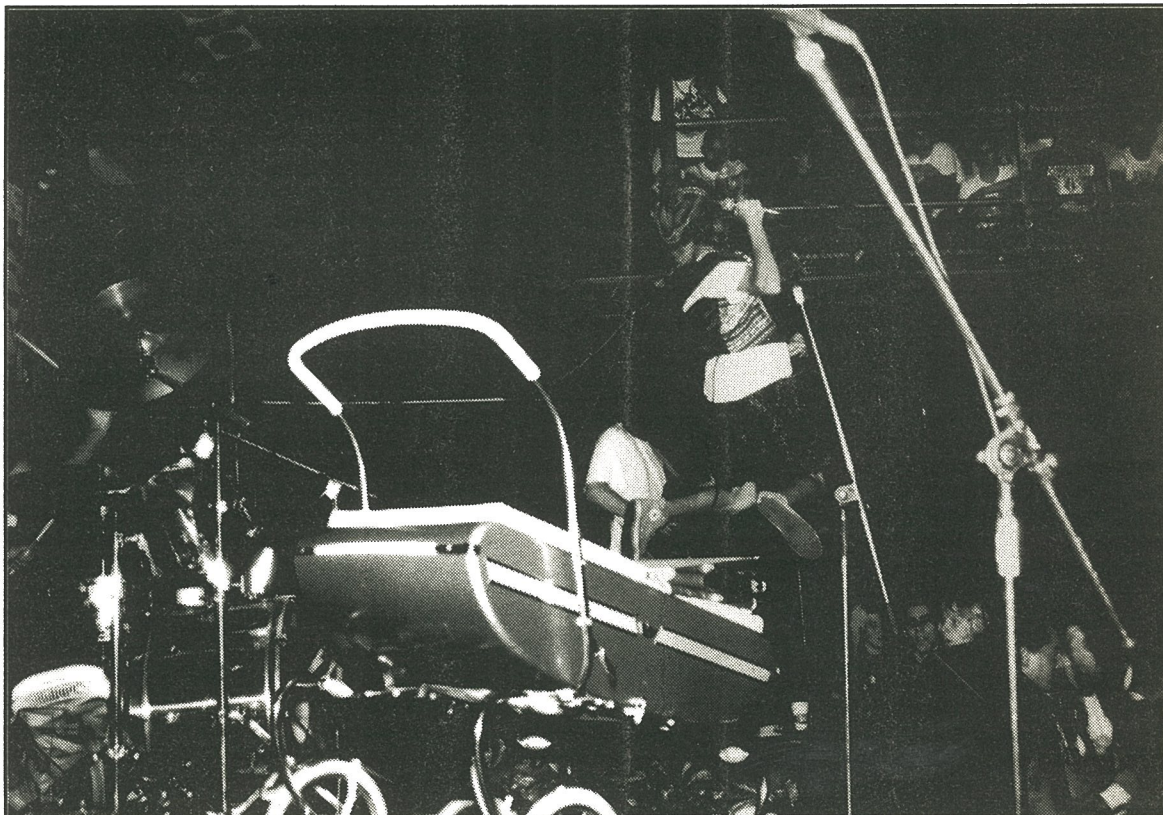
Meanwhile, the Bottom Dogs didn't take long to come up with another set of vocal chords, and hopefully we'll see them back in action soon. Nobody thought that when these guys took last summer off they'd stay out of commission. Seeing as how they do mostly all ages gigs, I know there's going to be a lot of people besides me happy to see the Bottom Dogs hard at it once again.

As far as music from out of the province goes this year really sucked. In the past two years the only bands we've had worth seeing have been the Gruesomes (twice), Deja Voodoo, Lillian Allen, Spirit of the West, and Sudden Impact. The Doughboys almost came but due to lack of somewhere to play at the time, they were cancelled. Unfortunately, it seems that most groups have this thing about crossing the briny blue to play in St. John's.

Money is a problem in this city and without a guaranteed profit bigger than most people here can afford, it seems the bands that will make the journey are few and far between. They don't seem to realize that the problem is not that good rockin' alternative music is unappreciated here. It's just that there really aren't a hell of a lot of people in St. John's, and therefore cover prices to see imported bands would have to be outrageous to account for the bands' guarantees. People in St. John's who've promoted bands in the past haven't done it to make a profit. They only care about seeing a good band from away and breaking even.

If a few bands out there would have the same attitude it would make a lot of people here really happy. While we can't offer piles of money, Newfoundland hospitality is righteous, and any CFA (come from away) is guaranteed to leave well fed and very unsobber. Besides, a trip to Newfoundland leaves lots of room in the van for a comfy trip. Docs, leather, and granola-fashion are not essentials in St. John's. All that's needed is some good rubbers (the kind for your feet). Oh well. Until booze, food, and light luggage become high priorities in life, I guess we'll just have to settle for local talent.

Things ain't so bad, anyway. Once you've checked out the scene in Halifax, anything's bearable.



Birth Defects.

PHOTO: Derek Lebrero

"It's for a song on our album called *Trigger Off*," says Rick. "It's kind of got a western tinge to it, and one of the characters in the video is a John Wayne zombie."

The video centres around a huge miniature roller coaster constructed with less-than-traditional materials: "We used souvlaki sticks," says Rick. "We've also already shot some live-action footage at the Fun House in La Ronde. The people are cartoony, the car is cartoony, all based on the fun house. It's like a tribute to the roots of horror movies—Carnival gore stuff."

And they also have another LP in the works.

"It's in our contract with Tear Records— if we get everything on the table by January, he'll be putting it out as well, so you might say we're contractually obligated," says Rick. "We've got Dave Hill (ex of *Three O'Clock Train*) jamming with us now and he'll be playing on it."

How come a second LP'll be out less than a year after the first when the first one took nine years to produce? "We won't be dwindling on it so much because we'll be in a 24-track, and we can't afford to waste time," says Rick...

Miscellaneous Fanzine Department: Okay, mate (to quote a very convenient stereotype), coming all the way from Australia is a 44-page (magazine sized) zine called *Resistant Harmony*. It's impressive just for the amount of stuff in it, with huge wads of type filling up all the crevasses, surrounding the occasional photo.

Interviews include anything from bands who still haven't played shows to a Henry Rollins mega-interview. Others include *Attitude Adjustment*, *Public Disgrace*, *Arm the Insane*, *Brain Dead*, *Insyte* and *Sticky*, with locals given the same prominence as the more famous touring bands—a good policy.

Some reviews, lots of opinions, and just Tons Of Stuff. Buy it, you'll be reading for weeks.

(Cover says \$1.50, but that's Australia, so send a couple of bucks extra to cover postage. Scotti, *Resistant Harmony* Fanzine, P.O. Box 478, Croydon, 3136, Victoria, Australia.)

And that's it once again. A very uncharacteristic Merry Christmas, Season's Greetings, New Year Etc. from us folks down at the festive and well-decorated RearGarde offices in beautiful N.D.G. As always, this stuff was compiled by Paul Gott and J.D.

Head from the RearGarde wired services. If you want to give us propaganda, free things, or Christmas presents, just give us a call at (514) 483-5372, and Leave A Message. Or

drop us a line at RearGarde, P.O. Box 1421, Station H, Montreal, Quebec, Canada, Etc. H3G 2N4.

Thank-you and goodnight.

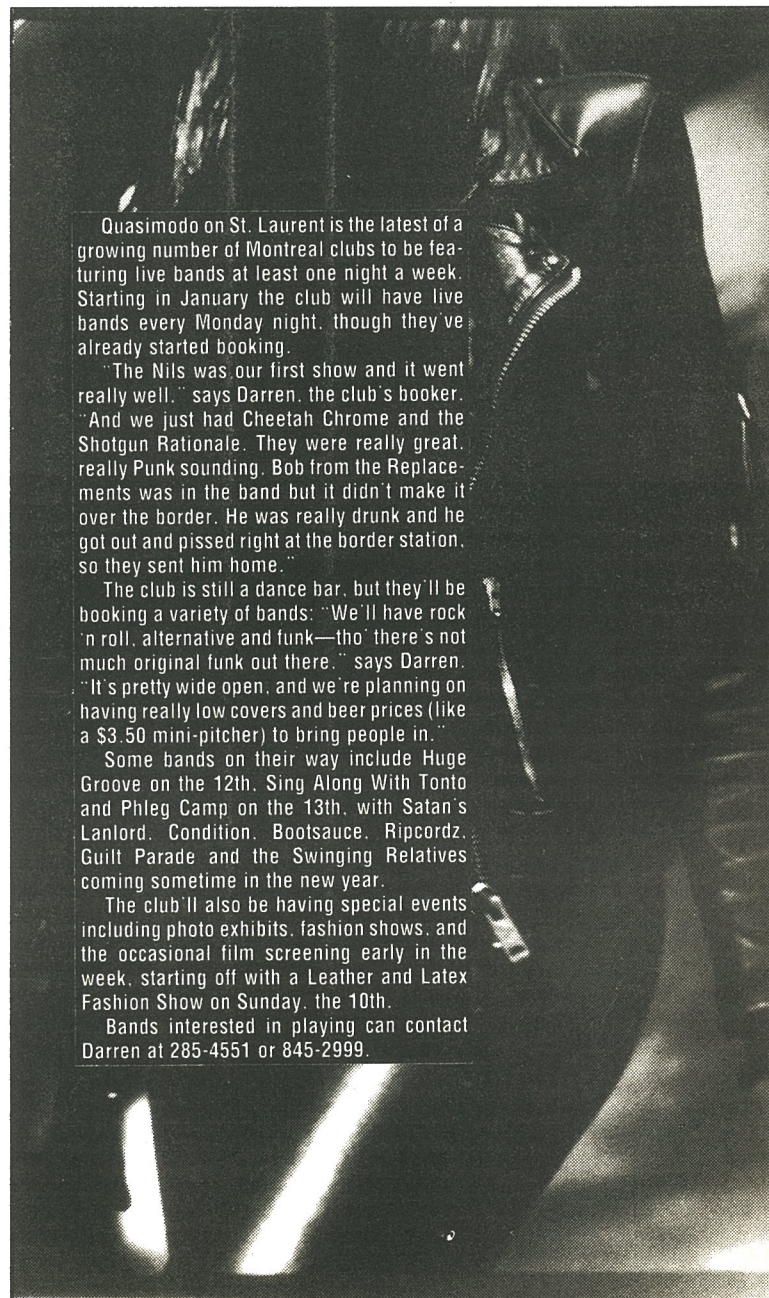


PHOTO: Susanne Elbrond

T.O. MUTTERINGS

That time again. More mutterings. Tasty gossip from the Toronto music scene. Nothing really happens here, shit, if it did we'd probably have our own independent new music festival. Not too many know how truly unlucky we are. Anyhow...

Still kicking: Following a somewhat lengthy hiatus after the departure of their drummer a few months back, local sensations (???) **More Stupid Initials** are ready to rock again. Apparently their first replacement drummer bailed out the night before the big comeback show. Get this—he went to Chile. Now once again everything is A.O.K. with the teenage heart throbs. Word is that they will be opening for lesbo-folk icon **Phranc** when she rolls into town. The story goes that Derek, guitarist for M.S.I., is a big fan and during a conversation with the lady in question, mentioned that his band covered one of her tunes. Well, this sufficiently flattered Phranc and the rest will be history. Yip.

Free soup: Not a bunch of lesbians. American band **M.D.C.** brought their anarchy punk rock thing to the Soup Club recently. The show was free, and everyone was talking about it. I didn't go and I'm sure some other people didn't either.

Who would you believe?: Visiting Hogtown on their *Mother's Milk* tour the **Red Hot Chili Peppers** played to a sold-out Diamond crowd. Yes, the guest list was eight pages long and the mens urinals had—you got it—red hot chili peppers floating in 'em. No big deal, except after the show many girls were seen tossing some vegetable around as if it was a souvenir. I'm pretty sure none of them knew, or bothered to smell their hands afterwards. Cruel, cruel joke someone. But wait. To top that off, word is that Much Music hostess and Electric Circus babe extraordinaire **Monica Deol** was seen backstage um, in, er, compromising positions. More words indicate that Monica is one of the many that know how big **Big Daddy Kane** really is. Toronto is mighty proud to have a gal who loves to... interview. And interview so well. (Not that anyone cares, but it's my opinion that Rob'll keep mentioning MuchMusic like this until someone sets him up with noted Montrealer and VJ Babe Erica Ehm. C'mon Erica, do the Deep Six with Rob or we'll publish your real name. Ta—ed.)

Still waiting: Are **Rocktopus** still recording their fabled debut album? Shit, does anybody know?

Press darlings: Right under everyone's nose, two Toronto promoters are stealing the show and stage. Superstars Elliot Lefko (Apocalypse Club) and Carson (Rivoli) were both featured in separate T.O. publications. Yuppie entertainment weekly *Metropolis* did a piece entitled *fourty under fourty*, on the most influential originals under forty years of age in our fair city. Lefko was named the best inde-

pendent promoter this city ever had and is given credit for bringing us stuff we would probably never ever seen. Carson got a spread in I.C.E. magazine, the oh-so-pretentious yet oh-so-needed fashion lifestyle thing. Great picture of another great promoter sprawled across a Harley-Davidson. Oh, yeah the Garys got credit as well, but that's no surprise anyway.

Nasty: Which dreadlocked singer of a local hardcore band was overheard talking about marriage and taking up bible study?

More Questions: Which frontman of a prominent T.O. crossover band was seen sporting automobile hood ornaments as necklace medallions? Hint: this dude only goes for imports. Domestic seem to be boring. Or just not damn big enough.

Hey Babe: Reid English, long time **Sudden Impact** guitarist and longer time artist will apparently be doing a show of works at a yet un-named gallery. Reid who is responsible for the band's cover art on the previous album relayed that the group's show will be a "drunkfest" surely. That's strange considering Reid is not known to be a drinker. Anyhow, we're still waiting for our invitation.

Cheese N' Slease: It was none other than Glen Salter of M.S.I. fame seen buddying about with New York's **Lunachicks** after their recent Apocalypse Club stint. Conversation being bandied

Soulforce Revolution.

Give it to us baby.

Any hot gossip, info, plans, rumours or lies having to do with music scene in our oh so glorious city. Drop us a line at 253 College Street Suite 144 Toronto Ontario M5T 1R5. And take all the liberties you want. We believe everything.

Compiled by Rob Ben and Julius Sinkevicius.

SCENE STIR

by D'Bitch

Chapter 4:

Psst. Over here. Shh... I'm in hiding here with Salman Rushdie... Just in the middle of my Johnny Handsome face job.

Y'see, the owners of The Empire have threatened me with a lawsuit. Cool,

ing over this town. Steve Scarlet (guitar) says, "I don't give a shit, I do my own thing. I'm not into 'who's bigger' and 'who's getting more money per gig.' Probably everybody's making more money than us."

Yeah. The phony publicity-hype-machine really bugs them. Rob Cazes (drums) has this to say: "...Oh yeah, we've been to New York shopping around...Oh, we just got back from L.A., you know, to shop around..." Who gives a fuck! Of course Zap City's got it's thing going on, of course there's a lot of people coming out to see us, but I don't think anyone should know before there's anything signed. I don't think we need to tell anybody 'the guys from this and that were there'. It's not what we're about. Why bullshit people?"

Steve agrees and takes it further: "Name dropping...Taking pictures with somebody big..."

Rob: "What's this shit about. It's a big fight in Toronto. Wha's gonna get signed first. It's a joke. It's all hype."

Steve: "It's not like we got a manager that has a rock & roll magazine, and totally hypes up his band, and votes them the best unsigned band... That's pretty hilarious *Meat Magazine!*"

Rob: "But I don't think we should name any names."

Steve: "People should know."

Announcement. There's this guy. His name is AL L.A. and he would like

around wasn't as bad as the time he spent in Oakalla, and adds, "I needed a vacation anyways."

Song break: "I heard it through the grapevine not much longer will you be mine..." **Mister K.C. doesn't "appreciate" my comments.**

Hey wait a minute... are those dudes hangin' out down at Sgt. Rocks flashing leather and tattoos the same boys who used to hang out at VooDoo dressed in kilts and lipstick?

Get this. I was coming out of this club and I overheard this gorilla tell Ms. Molly Johnson to "stick her dog up her ass." Like wow or what? What did Sophie ever do?

By the way, what's this I read in The Toronto Star about Molly "fronting" **Breeding Ground?** What's John Sherif doing?

Wait! Did I hear right? **Steve Jones** is rehearsing in Jonny MacLeod's rehearsal space? Get the camera, get the albums, get the autograph book—that's my building!

Caught 39 Steps during their Toronto booze can tour, en route to New Haven, Connecticut, next stop Greenwich Village. Loved the band, pissed off when the beer ran out. Not nice.

Didja hear the one about the suburban headbanger who had to leave Los Angeles 'cause his tales about being a big rock star up in Canada were beginning to catch up with him. The story goes that his good friend Niki Sixx of **Motley Crue** just could not figure out why this dude hadta get a, like, regular job at their fave hang-out of all places!

Julian! Whadaya mean ya got **George Clinton's** P-Boy backin' ya up in **BABY JUDAS?**

Looks like the **Demics** won't be a happenin' after all...

Gasp! Is that Mark Stables, star of stage, bike and doorway, in that **Lee Aaron** video? Whadaya mean that's not her real name?!

Crucial Bones have a video-in-the-editing-process.

The Remains actually cover *S-A-T-U-R-D-A-Y Night!*

Big gala event at RPM (the club that does those security checks). The CASBY awards. Canadian Artists Selected By You. This is an awards show that CFNY started as a spoof on the Junos, called the U-Knows. They were geared towards the alternative music scene, but have grown to pretty much match te corporate Junos (as a matter of fact, now they even have separate "indie" categories). For example nominated this year are such underground acts as **Blue Rodeo**, **Alannah Myles** (must remember to ask her how one gets into Power Rotation at Much...), **Candi...** So now I'm thinking of introducing the **DEBBYS**—Toronto's BADDEST awards. Okay. Who's BAD? Are you? Are you BAD?

In next month's **SCENE STIR**, look for "The Big RearEnders"—a wrap-up of the 80s.

In the meantime, keep the fan mail coming! We promise to answer every letter!

Oh yeah, Znaimer, right? Erica Znaimer. The "Ehm" stands for Moses. (Good guess, but no cookies. The "M" is actually the first letter of her real last name.—ed.)

P.S. Free James Brown. Free Jim Bakker. Free Zsa Zsa. "Don't believe the hype." "Anarchy in the U.K."



39 Steps.

PHOTO: Susanne Elbrond

about... gore, smut, and cheese. Seems that our own Glenn finally found who shared his robust appetite for fine art videos. By the end of the night Glenn was begging for uncut versions of everything. Those Americans. Shit, **Lydia Lunch** and her gun. I'm sure Glenn will be panting anxiously by the mailbox for those brown paper wraps.

That time: What Toronto band of idiots not playing a show on Halloween weekend decided to dress up for the occasion? Apparently these four garbed up in nun's habits and visited a certain dance club proclaiming that they were **7 Seconds** babbling something about a

huh? Never imagined that little ole me could be deemed a threat to anyone. Seems that Mike and Dave aren't too happy about the fact that maybe, just maybe, somebody in this town doesn't like them. Well it's not my fault, is it? I don't go pushin' people around. I've never threatened to kill anyone. GO RIDE THE PEACE TRAIN.

Alright. **Zap City** want to set the record straight. "If smoking a joint would get you kicked out of a band, we'd have to fire each other." Actually, Zap City have a few things they'd like to talk about. For one thing, they don't like the competitive-attitude thing that's tak-

ing to be known that he is the sole person responsible for booking the legendary **El Mocambo** (Yes, Ladies and gents, this is the place where Mick allegedly poked Maggie). Also, I'm not exactly sure but I think that when **Sweet Little Ramona** talk about a move to L.A., they mean Al's management company. (Did you know that only 2 out of 4 guys in Sweet Little Ramona have actually seen the **Ramones?**)

Who's BAD... Steve G. got 10 days in "The Don" for asking cops if they are fascists. Apparently this is against the law in O-Canada-Our-Home-And-Native-Land. Steve says jail this time

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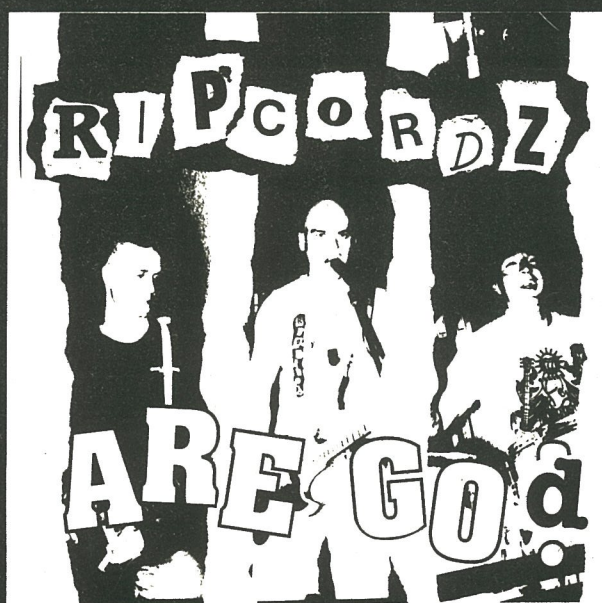
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LET'S DO LUNCH

Interview conducted by Ch'Alice Camshaft
PHOTO: Susanne Elbrond

Lydia Lunch blew into town recently, at *Foufounes Electriques*, and candidly held forth on topics from A to Z. Here is a small but potent extract of her venom, distilled by Ch'Alice Camshaft. Look for her soon-to-be-released books; *Incriminating Evidence*, *Journal of the Sexually Insane*, and a comic book, among others. For Lydia's opinion on pornography, read the film review, in next month's *RearGarde*.

RearGarde: I'm always surprised to see how polite you are after the show.

Lunch: Would you prefer that I started yelling at you right now? I'm already yelled-out, baby. Sometimes I'm nice, sometimes I'm rotten. I'm a nice gal! What's to be rotten to you about, you're not the enemy?

RearGarde: What's your technique to get under people's skin? Do you like to play with emotions or is it more intellectual?

Lydia: I think it's more like rhythm, it's the rhythm of manipulation of words, and that's a good start. If you know how to manipulate rhythm, and you can disregard the unnecessary fodder and the verbiage and bullshit and inactivity that goes all around, and you can focus, that's the main thing—focusing. Getting under people's skin is merely a by-product. I don't start out thinking I'm going to do a performance to irritate people. The truth irritates people. A nagging woman on stage screaming in their face irritates people. That's a by-product of the reality... look, if more people were doing my job, I wouldn't have to do it. If there were more women screaming "fuck you", maybe I could retire...

RearGarde: And give correspondence courses.

Lydia: You'd have to take the Evelyn Wood Speed Reading course first, because you can get tongue-tied up there. I was very tongue-tied tonight, that's not usually like me. I didn't study my part, I'm a perfectionist. I stumble on one word, I hate myself. **RearGarde:** Do you question yourself about the usefulness of what you do?

Lydia: Chronically! Of course, what is the use of it? What's the fuckin' point? It's nothing, it's screaming into a void. Useful, yeah, if some people find relief, great, but it's not doing anything. It's not action, it's reaction. I'm not bombing the fucking White House, I'm not killing Reagan or Bush; all I'm doing is, and I hate the word, is entertaining—cos I'm not up there to entertain—all I'm doing is entertaining a few idiots for x amount of dollars for x amount of minutes, big deal! I don't think that it's any big scam outside of that, but I still feel that I have to do it because people protest in their own ways. There are other forms of protesting but—direct action, I have to do it. I think if I didn't do it I wouldn't be doing what I'm supposed to do. It's not like Big Fun to get up and yell for 30 minutes. I know it's indulgent and masturbatory and it doesn't mean anything but it means something if people come up and say: "I feel that way too." That's all it can mean, is relief, it doesn't change anything.

RearGarde: How do you feel about terror-

ism?

Lydia: People are so incompetent with recognizing the right enemy and going after it. Why don't people go to the White House and obliterate? We know who the enemy is. Why do skinheads have to fight blacks, why do crackheads have to come after me? People know who the enemy is, but they're too ignorant to target it. That's the most frustrating for me. Especially our generation. The Sixties thought they did something by mass-protesting. I stage very minor protests—one fucking babe screaming at people, so what?

RearGarde: Do you wish there were more people doing it?

Lydia: Yes, and I would like to see protest and radical movements organized, like the Black Panthers. Thing is, I myself am guilty of the crime too. I'm not picking up bullets or bricks or smashing anyone's face in, I'm as guilty of apathy and chickenshitteedness as the next guy, but at least I admit it. Most of the people are just being big bald-headed fuckin' cockheads causing violence on the people who are not the enemy, like their girlfriends or the cornerstore, or the guy next door, or the fuckin' person down the street. The lack of targetting the enemy is the worst crime.

RearGarde: You're part of a film called *Gang Of Souls*, with William S. Burroughs, among other so-called poets; do you relate to that gang?

Lunch: No, I don't relate to misogynist 80-year-old men who killed women... you know, I guess I do in one sense. Yeah, he killed someone, that's respectable.

RearGarde: Is there a connection between what you did here last year and this year? How far can you push it, or are there limitations?

Lunch: There's complete limitations. I don't like performing in rock clubs. That's why I'm only doing it here and in T.O. I don't wanna tour with this shit. I like no more an audience that's heckling and wrestling with me than talking in an auditorium to polite people. I like to be able to control the entire environment when I set a show; the atmosphere, the decoration, and have a very limited amount of people, seated, that are right in front of my face, so I can deal with them. That's ideal for me. You can't do that if you wanna take the word to the road and I don't only wanna perform at colleges, cos that eliminates half the people that wanna see it. So it's a tricky thing and that's why in New York I'm able to put on bigger productions, like plays, which deal with a broader range of subjects and deal with more theatrics. You can't take something theatrics to this place. Face it, it's a shit hole—it's unsatisfying. That's why I don't go on tours.

RearGarde: If you do *Meltdown Oratorio* live, it would be really theatrical.

Lunch: Exactly. It's the spoken word, and it's very apocalyptic and you can get more of the whole Total Effect.

RearGarde: Do you think you might take that to the stage eventually?

Lunch: No, we already did *Stinkfist* performances five years ago... that record is

very old. But I'm recording over the winter a new album and I hope to expand on the spoken word along those lines because... I mean, it's my job to say what I'm going to say but I don't have to dog it to everyfuck-inborough. I've said it, it's your job to repeat it, babe—you collect the money, you deal with the idiots.

RearGarde: What do you think of having babies?

Lunch: What? Having someone else's baby? Kidnapping? Child abuse, what? Lemme put it this way: What is the largest thing you ever shoved into your cunt? Probably a beer bottle; have you ever shat a watermelon? I'm not ready to shit a fuckin' watermelon, baby. I tried stuffing things that big inside, they wouldn't go. My advice to women is: mandatory abortion, mass-sterilization, and don't listen to your body! Your body tells you "I'm thirty, I'm lonely, I'm desperate, something is missing." Embrace the void, know that it's an endless dissatisfaction. When you realize that "I am not satisfied, I will not be satisfied," you will be more satisfied. When men can have babies, I'll have children. I think that people should take responsibility for not propagating the cycle of abuse by birthing innocent human beings. The biggest crime in the world is overpopulation: every other problem stems from that, including industrial greed, which has caused us to be in the situation we're in now—too many greedy, hungry, needy mouths. So my job is not to procreate, it's to kill as many people as possible.

RearGarde: Are you serious about killing?

Lunch: Every girl should have a gun to

readdress the imbalance of power. Are they going to take you seriously as just a woman with what? Mini-skirt and boots? No! You walk in with an Uzi, a mini-skirt and boots, and you watch the respect you're gonna get. All the wrong people have guns: the crackheads, the crack dealers, the black minorities and the rednecks. Women, rise up! Get Your Gun! GITCHOREGUN! It is sooooo important!

Rick Trembles: Ya but, who're ya gonna kill tho?

Lunch: It doesn't mean you have to kill them; you threaten them, make them shit in their pants!

RearGarde: Why do you think men come to your shows?

Lunch: I wish it was only women. I'm working on a seminar that's only women, but that's maybe three years down the line, when I'm 33. It would be so women of my age can learn how to go back to themselves and not be dependent on drugs or alcohol or entertainment or men. Look, women are completely self-satisfying; there's no better orgasm than what a woman can give herself; vibrators are the greatest invention.

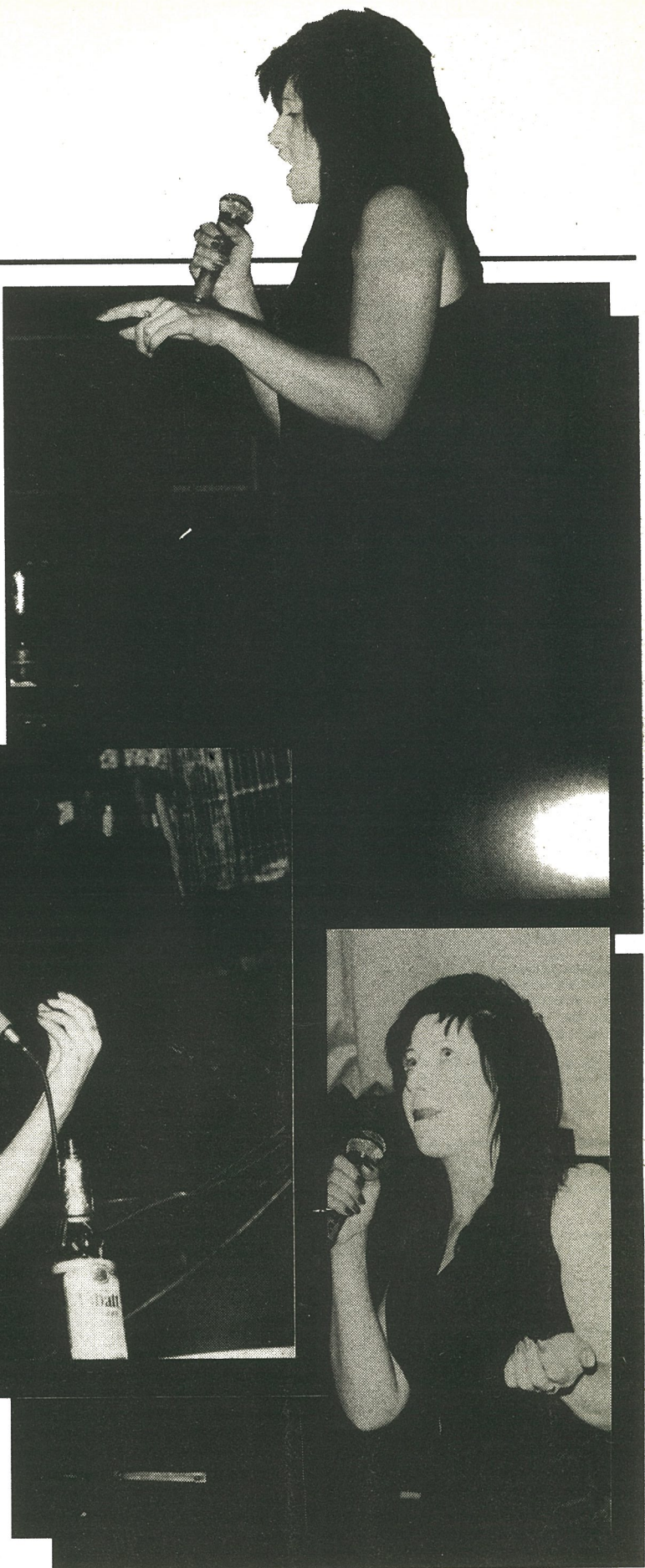
RearGarde: Have you heard about female ejaculation?

Lunch: I've read about it. Baby, if you're not doing it yet, get down there with the

female ejaculation; we just don't need them anymore! In ancient culture, women weren't respected until they were older; it's ass backwards in the youth culture. At this point, I don't trust anyone under 30. I don't trust anyone, much less anyone under 30.

RearGarde: What advice would you give to guys?

Lunch: Well, they could not propagate the cycle of abuse that has been handed down to them from their fathers. They can have respect, they can understand and they do. I think men are more aware, but that doesn't excuse the ones in power. The more aware ones don't want to rise up to positions of power because they don't have the greedy dick-need to satisfy with only money and power, cos they could satisfy their little erotic fantasies with whatever bitch who's going to suck their dick because they're more sexually liberated. The more sexually inhibited you are, the more power you need, and people of our generation are more easily sexually satisfied cos they're not so inhibited or they can find their freak, they're not so greedy for power. The tightest butts are the worst fuckers. It's like Bush, no one can have a tighter asshole than that man. No-one can be a bigger dick than that man. Why do those things go hand in gland... it just works that way.



MUSICIANS

Desperately seeking a drummer to complete band playing original material. Influences: SNFU, Nils, Dag Nasty. Call Stephane at 647-1774 or 257-8310. c5

Experienced singer looking to join or form all-original band. Non-smokers preferred. Interests: heavy reggae/punk/funk/ska/r&b-rock/industrial dub. Influences: Costello, Fishbone, Nomeansno, XTC, etc. Glenn, (514) 939-4382. c4

Bassist and drummer needed for a hardrock (not metal) group. Call Dave at 935-8008 or Marc at 257-9240. c5

Young thrash metal band seeks singer and/or lead guitarist for serious jamming and possible gigs. Style: Metallica, DRI, Voivod, Anthrax. Originals and covers. Call Kevin at 486-4265 from 3:30-10:30. c5

Post-industrial band looking for female vocalist and one drummer/percussionist to play modern primitive music (rock or jazz drummers need not apply). Call Denis at (514) 398-9838 (evenings or weekends). c5

Bassist needed by Pushme-Pullyou. We've got shows to play and plans to record. What more could you want? For more details call Robert at 733-4602. c4

Looking for female bassist and drummer in High School to introduce alternative music to commercial audience. (Battle of the High School Bands). Must abhor conformity. Call (514) 934-0487. c4

Lead Female singer needs musicians to form funk band. Must be able to sing backups and dance. Experience a must. Influences: Prince, Bobby Brown. Serious musicians only. Lisa, 487-9549. c5

Recherché-e: Batterie d'expérience disponible pour tournée en Europe. Condition essentielle: aimer le punk-rock francophone. Tel.: 253-4112 ou 282-9887. c5

Wanted. Drummer. Style—Funk. Blues influence. Call (514) 284-5095 ask for Dan. c3

D.O.P. is looking for a guitar player, a bassist and a singer. Influences: The Cult, Hanoi Rocks, N.Y. Dolls, Sex Pistols, Ramones. Serious only. Call Ditty at 430-2190 or Dave at 795-6886. c5

Guitarist/Songwriter looking for country singer/songwriter. Cal J.L. (514) 382-4370. c3

Guitarists! Did the underground scene? Looking for a band? Your rhythm section awaits. Influences included everything from the Doughboys to Jane's Addiction to DBC. Call Chris at (514) 672-4609 evenings. c5

Musicians wanted for interesting pop band. Influences: Bauhaus, Love and Rockets, Cure, Kate Bush. West Island area, aged 18-25 preferred. Call A.J. at (514) 633-9956 after 7 pm. Serious calls only. c3

All Girl Band looking for a hard rocking female drummer. For originals. Must be serious. Call Jill, (514) 342-9423 or Sye, (514) 276-4960. c5

Established Rock Band with originals looking for bass, guitar and keyboard players. Experienced only. Contact Yves at 932-7514. c5

Good singer wanted to complete original hard rock band. We have equipment, a rehearsal place in Greenfield Park, and day jobs. Call 932-0362.

FOR SALE

Emulator II with hardshell case & 120 discs. \$2750. David, (514) 466-3122. c3

Yamaha VX series 15 amp and Quest Attack 2 electric guitar. Both for \$300.00. Best deal around. Phone Derek at (514) 695-6546. c4

Shadow Compilation 2: 12-track sampler tape featuring tracks by: Heik & the Shakes, Din, Digital Poodle, Parade, Land, etc. Elektronik-industrial-ambient. \$7.00 from Shadow Canada, 5 Admiral Rd. Toronto, Ont. M5R 2L4. c2

Native American cassettes, featuring rap, reggae and hardcore examining the invasion of North America by European settlers. For free catalog, send S.A.S.E. to Technawbe Sound, 720J Carson Road, Ottawa, Ontario K2K 0H3. c1

Fender Strat '86, red with locking bridge system, rosewood neck \$600. Yamaha 100 watt amp, 2 1/2" speakers, includes foot switch. \$400. Call Richard at 939-5857. c5

Complete Westbury drum set for sale. \$250.00. Call Alain (514) 286-8996. c3

Ragas for Guitar by Michael Kleniec. Six authentic East Indian Ragas. \$10 plus \$2 shipping. Gamelon Music, P.O. Box 525, Station P, Toronto, Ontario M5S 2T1. c5

Vantage Bass. Have to sell! Cool-looking blue, looks great. In great shape. Phone Ludwig, (514) 649-1730. c5

Pearl Drum Kit, four piece w/out cymbals. Some

CLASS ADS

GRAPHIC: FRANK LINTZEN

hardware, good pedal, new throne. \$200. Colin, (514) 499-1101. c5

Motion Picture Purgatory compilation of cartoons from RearGarde and the Montreal Mirror. \$4.95 post-paid (money order) from Rick Tremblay, P.O. Box 693, Tour de la Bourée, H4Z 1J9. c1

Ripcordz. "Elvis Death Cult" T-shirts. 3-colour front. 2-sided. \$10 post-paid. 14-song albums, \$8 from Paul Gott c/o RearGarde, P.O. Box 1421, Station H, Montreal, H3G 2N4. c1

BLISS. "Off the Pig!" On your chest. T-shirts. 3 colours, 2-sided. L,XL. \$10.00 ppd. Chrome cassettes. 6 songs. \$5.00 ppd. BLISS. c/o Mike Stevenson, P.O. Box 91, Succ. St-Henri, Mt., QC, H4C 3J7. c1

RearGarde T-Shirts. They're back! Impress your friends! Annoy your parents! 2-colour tees only \$10 post-paid from RearGarde, P.O. Box 1421, Station H, Montreal, Quebec, H3G 2N4. c1

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NY Producer with private studio in Montreal seeks artists for cassette label. Contact David at (514) 466-3122. c3

Band T-Shirts printed quickly and inexpensively. Have made t's for SNFU, Doughboys, Fall-Safe, RearGarde, BLISS, and many others. Phone Dad's Silkscreen Productions at (514) 937-6087. c1

Private Guitar Lessons for beginners starting at only \$14 per lesson. Ask about our free lesson plan and possible house call plan. Contact Norm at 722-0843 or 735-3229. c5

Need a gig, have no time to book your band? I will book Top 40 and original bands. Call Chantal at 489-7698. c5

Rehearsal Studio with monitoring from 9 a.m. to 6 p.m. \$7/hour. Recording facilities (2-4-8 tracks) available. Call Lunatik Asylum, 524-5393. c5

When nuthin' but the best will do... We deliver the finest in illustration, lettering and design for the best rates. (Band posters and t-shirt design our specialty). John Grove custom artworks. 848-0129. c5

Freelance Graphics that fit into your budget. Band logos, covers, posters, whatever. Call Yves (evenings) at (514) 273-1884. c1

Illustrator/cartoonist Frank Lintzen, Box 261, Streetsville P.O., Mississauga, Ontario, L5M 2B8. (416) 749-3791. c1

WANTED

Contacts for listing in a Canadian independent music bible: Bands, clubs, media, bookers, 'zines, unions, practice spaces, studios... anything folks in the music industry might need to know, to be compiled and distributed free to all contributors. We need your name, phone, address, and a brief description of what you do (plus any other contacts you might have). Send c/o RearGarde, P.O. Box 1421, Station H, Montreal, Quebec, H3G 2N4. Or phone (514) 483-5372 and leave a message.

Do you miss Rhythm and Bruises as an outlet for aggression piled up all week? Send me yer demos-above and beyond basic 3 chord trash; punk, post-core, weird shit, but please no techno-crap! Send to CKUT, Radio McGill, c/o AACK! suite B-15, 3480 McTavish, Montreal, H3A 1X9. You'll hear it Friday mornings at 11. c4

Metal Bands: Want exposure? WCWS in Wooster, Ohio would like to include your band. All types welcomed. Hayley Greif, Box C-1708, The College of Wooster, Wooster Ohio, 44691, USA. c4

Actors and actresses for Concordia student

film. Experience preferred. For audition, call Alain at 487-9696. c5

Help!! Does anybody know where I can find the local Toronto released album by Bent Wind. Will pay \$100 US. Please call collect if you have it. Al (216) 549-0141 or (216) 482-4108. c4

Desperately seeking Northern Pikes records: blue vinyl and blue tape of *Big Blue Sky*. Their two independent LP on Black N' Round label, *Scene in North America* and *The Northern Pikes*. Art from US mags are welcome. I'm serious. Sylvie Dumas. C.P. 284, Succ C, Montreal, Que H2L 4K1. Canada. c4

Metal (all kinds), thrash, core wanted for new metal show at CRSG Radio Concordia. Send yer tapes, vinyls and bios to: Phil, c/o CRSG, 1455 de Maisonneuve W., suite H-647, Montreal, Quebec H3G 1M8. Call at 848-7401/02. Interviews possible. c5

Alternative CDs wanted. Old and new from Ultravox to Alien Sex Fiend. Will pay from 8 to 12 dollars. Call 721-6728 after 12 p.m. any day. Will make house calls. c5

Give me Yer Shirts! Seeking a Red Hot Chili's t-shirt; I don't care if it stinks or has stains. Preferably from the Rock With Your Cock Out/ Funky Rumpus tour. You need bucks? I'll buy it. 849-9559-ask for the Red Mistress or leave message. c4

Various Montreal and B.C. hardcore and punk records. Genetic Control, Asexuals, Nomeansno, etc. Trade or cash. Also live and demo tapes wanted. Frank (514) 934-6367. c3

Attention all Thrash and Death Metal bands! Seeking airplay in the U.S.A.? My college radio show *The Wrath of the Thrash Queen* is for you!! I feature 3 hours per day. Send demo tapes to: Stella Cultrona, c/o WRUW FM 91.1, 11220 Bellflower rd., Cleveland, Ohio 44106. Not a rip off, will send copy of show you appear on by request. (216) 587-0655. c2

Late 70s/early 80s punk/hardcore/thrash 7" singles and EPs (Canada, U.S. Europe) to trade for certain records by various eastern-Canada groups. Write Brian, P.O. Box 891, Station E, Victoria, B.C., V8W 2R4. c1

Cassettes, CDs, Records you name it, for airplay on campus/community radio station in Kitchener. Send to Radio CKWR, P.O. Box 2035, Station B, Kitchener, Ontario, N2H 6K8. Tel. (519) 886-9870. c1

Comme Un Boomerang, émission radio Franco-Punkifiée diffusant les Jeudi de 22h. à minuit sur les ondes de CKUT FM, attend vos cassettes/demos/disques pour diffusion probable: Comme un Boomerang, c/o CKUT Radio McGill, suite B-15, 3480 McTavish, Montreal, H3A 1X9. c1

Punk/Hardcore/Speedmetal demos and vinyl for radio show. Send to Shawn Scallen, host of No Future Now c/o CKCU-FM, Room 517, Unicentre, Carleton University, Ottawa, Ontario, K1S 5B6. Make sure to include biographical information. c1

Bands or just plain old folks who have a van and head down to Toronto on a regular basis to help transport RearGarde down the 401 (or whatever it is). Yes, there's money involved. We'll negotiate. Phone Emma or Paul at 483-5372. c1

Nitty Music (demos and vinyl) wanted for review here, yes, for this great 'zine. Fame and fortune guaranteed. Send to RearGarde, P.O. Box 1421, Station H, Montreal H3G 2N4. c1

PERSONALS

Prince Warlock calling upon all lonely, unloved pagan sorcerer sisters of all races, shape. Join our Royal Tribe, you won't be lonely any more. Box 875, Desjardins, Montreal, H5B 1B9. c5

Dear Gavin, I watched Mr. Dressup today. Montreal misses and loves you, so do I. XXXX c4

Birth Control. Hamsters know nothing about it. That is why we have 11 to give away. We have a mommy, two daddies and 8 babies. So why not give an adorable little hamster a home? Call the hamster lady at 489-0823. No pervers. c5

Gay Skin, 26 yrs old, student—interested in meeting a like mind. Write to P.O. Box 5552, Station B, Mt, H3B 4P1. Tell me about yourself and not your politics. c3

21 Year Old university grad is seeking a beautiful, intelligent woman for companionship, in Toronto area. Write to: Paul Billinger, RR#2, Sutton West, L0E 1R0. c5

Taking a break from guys for a while? So am I. Not sure about your sexual orientation? Hey, who is in this crazy world? I'm a she, you're a she, let's hang out together at Fourfoues, repertory cinemas or St-Laurent St. Contradictory girl and bilingual feminist? Yo, perfect! Let the phrase "Two cool rock chicks listening to Mudhoney" apply to us... Write now, sister! P.O. Box 344, Place du Parc, Montreal H2W 2N8. c5

Great Gentle Master seeks friendship or love. Calling upon all singles, lovers of sea, uniform, tribe, discipline and definitely permanent love relation. No drugs. Box 875, Desjardins, Montreal H5B 1B9. c5

Hi Marc-Andre. Just wanted to say I've missed you a lot since the 7th of November. Hope you're happy! Love you 4 ever. Ton ex-B, Sylvie. xxx c5

Corey/Jack. Bad karma. I'm left standing at the courtyard's gate. May I not enter? Silence is no choice. Tell me. I miss you more than the sun. Lisa. c5

Be my friend! I'm new in town, and seeking a fun lesbian friend, maybe lover? Help me find my way around, and more friends. Box 49, Hingston Hall, 7141 Sherbrooke West, Montreal H4B 1R6. c5

I'm A White Male, 32, look younger, love music, the Cure, French. Seek correspondence with open-minded women. Claude Montreuil, C.P. 7070, Chemin de l'Aéroport, Port-Cartier, Quebec G5B 2W2. c5

Toronto man, 38, affectionate, kind and sincere, well established, East Indian, seeks a pleasant, attractive female 18 to 40. Write to Apt 206, 362 the East Mall, Toronto, Ont. M9B 6C4 or phone: (416) 621-9557. c3

Nice Jewish boy 19 with long hair seeks a male and female friend 16-25 who preferably lives in Montreal to show me the sights i.e. the clubs and bars. You must not smoke/drink/do any drugs. Serious replies only. Write to Mr. Howard Shore 3815 Bathurst Street, Suite #08, Toronto, Ont M3H 3N1. c3

Boy 19 seeks a home in Montreal for free in exchange for cooking and cleaning. Please write to Mr. Howard Shore, 3815 Bathurst Street, Suite #08, Toronto, Ont M3H 3N1. c3

HELP WANTED

Advertising reps for RearGarde are needed. 20 per cent minimum commission. Serious inquiries only. Contact Paul or Emma at (514) 483-5372. Leave a message. c5

Bartenders. Training and placement offered. 2021 Peel Street, Montreal. 849-2828. c5

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Maximum 30 words per ad. Confirmation and cancellation for all ads (including free ads) must be sent Each month. Deadline is five days before the end of the month previous to publication.

Send ads to:
**RearGarde, P.O. Box 1421, Station H,
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NEW KIDS ON THE block

The things I come up with while working in a dingy warehouse and this is it. That's right—The New Kids on The Block, meaning all you young, fresh and original bands wanting to be propagated can do so. You know, you may have that edge the people want and the best place to start is here. It's easy just contact Reargarde at P.O. Box 1421, Station H, Montreal, Quebec, Canada H3G 2N4.



The Warbrides are Mike Block (Bass/Vocals), Andy Murdoch (Drums/Vocals) and Neil Briffet (Guitar/Vocals). These Montreal boys are hailing from the hardcore scene, jazz scene and a bit of the pop scene. All together you get an astonishing abundance of entertainment. I would like to call them a punk band—but, no; I would like to call them a jazz band—but, no; and I don't want to call them a pop band. They carry no label but for publishing purposes we'll call them a Jazzpunk band.

The story of the band started about two years ago when the original lineup met at a Smiths concert. They were Neil on guitar, Mike on bass and Bill on keyboards, and they even had a drum machine.

Being a band of Gothic tunes, a name was hard to come by. Neil discovered the name while watching the ole boob tube. "I just turned the channel, they had this profile on warbrides of the Montreal area and there you go."

The Warbrides were doing the Gothic black depressed kind of thing until about a year ago when the band started a new approach. "It just got boring to play," Neil states. "You get into 'alternative' at a certain age and then move on."

Their keyboardist left last summer, just about when Andy came along. They jammed for three months, to play their first show with their new sound. They've managed to take bits and pieces of their old songs, do a bit of pop—which didn't work—threw a more raunch to it and finally tossed in distortion. That is when they knew they were heading in the right direction.

If you see several of their shows it will not be like watching a rerun. Some of their songs would be changed between shows. "We would take a three minute song, bash it around and end up having a ten minute song," says Neil.

At one show when the main attraction left and they jammed to five people. At another they said "Fuck it" and jammed the night to covers. Bad covers.

Unlike a lot of bands, the Warbrides don't find anything wrong with putting something serious beside a light tune. "There's an energy in anger, but you don't have to limit yourself," says Mike.

The song *How* is of family pain, yet they would play it back to back with *Wallflower* ("Dance, Dance, don't be such a boor"). You'll find an incredible influence of Asexuals, Huskerdu and Minutemen in their tunes.

They've got that raunchy beat with a bit of class to it. You can put it in front of Punks, Death rockers and even Skins. Speakin' of which, they've done a show with Damaged once—it seemed all of the N.D.G. crew was there, and the Warbrides were up. They played their whole set with one skin standing right up front, grooving to the tunes to give the band a thumbs up at the end of the show.

The band plans to be the biggest thing since April Wine, but they aren't going to do it the way some bands do now—you know, pasting your poster on top of other upcoming bands or promising to help out a younger bands but forgetting about them. And they have a message for Foufounes: Bring back Fresh Air Tuesdays. It was the time of week when young bands could of been heard for free.

There, I've done it. I've told you of this great new band. Now it's up to you if you want to see their shows, or if you want info and stuff you can reach them at (514) 684-6444. I want to make this final point: The Warbrides were not featured in this column because of friendship nor favoritism—they contacted us, that's all it takes.



Be seeing you. Domenic Castelli

CHRIS & COSEY

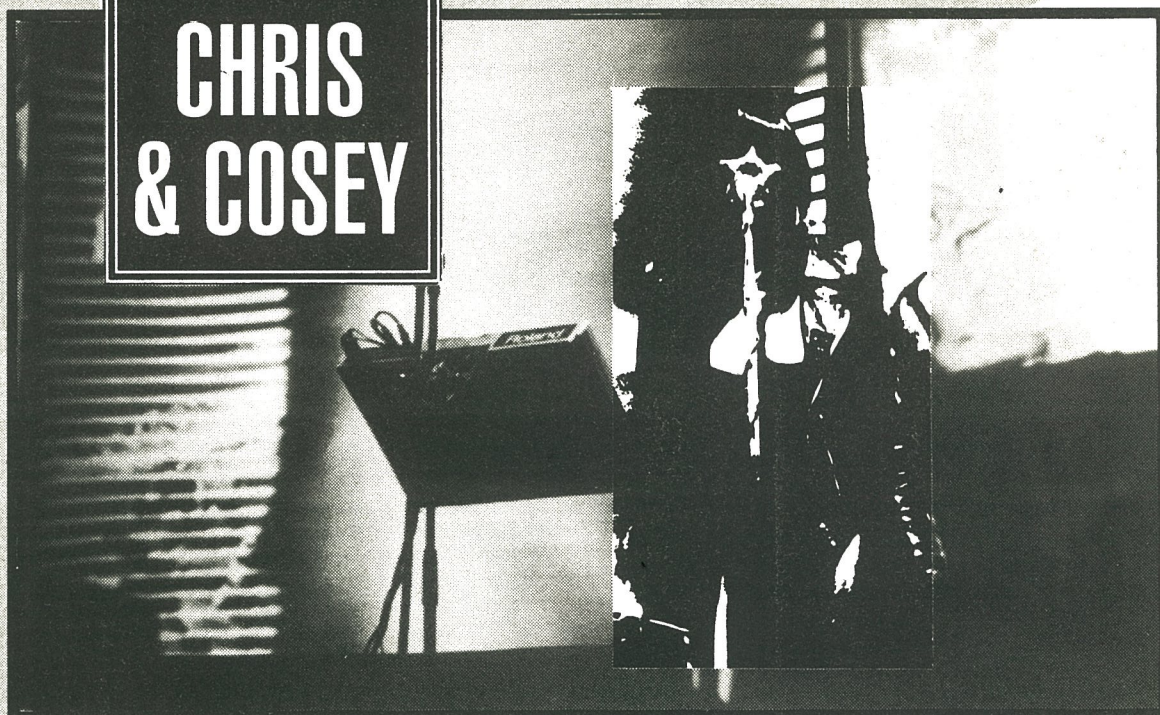


PHOTO: Susanne Elbrond

by Will Richards

In mid September Chris and Cosey played at Foufounes to an almost full house. Previous to the show I talked with Cosey Fanni Tutti down at CKUT. What follows is all the information and quotes that I could pull from this decaying sieve that I call my mind and some sparse notes that I took...

Chris Carter and Cosey Fanni Tutti have been making music together for over fifteen years now, first with Throbbing Gristle, then, immediately after their demise, as Chris and Cosey. To most of us that would seem like an awfully long time but for them it seems only logical. "When we first started working together I had no previous experience in music, just in the fine arts, so it opened up many new areas for me, which was really stimulating. Now we've molded a good working relationship that we both feel completely comfortable with," she says.

Chris Carter's background was more musically inclined. "When we first started (with T.G.) Chris was building all his own keyboards, so in a lot of ways that helped develop a very unique sound."

Their latest record *Trust* shows off the bands ever developing sound, a development that has been slowly progressing since their first album, *Heartbeat*, which was recorded way back in 1980. But for some people this development in their sound has been too slow, and some criticism has been leveled at them for *Trust* sounding too much like their hugely successful 1987 release, *Exotica*.

"We've been getting a lot of feedback like that about *Trust*, but I think we see it more along the lines of completely working out a sound and developing it as much as possible," says Cosey. "Also, what people don't realize is that we are both constantly working on other projects than Chris and Cosey, both together and separately, so it's not like we approach music in a narrow way. It's just that Chris and Cosey is one of our projects, the one that gets the most attention."

The album features what has been a fairly big club hit called *Watching You*, a song about obsession that makes *Every Breath You Take* sound like the fluffly

pop/love song that most people think it is. "The theme of that song is something that we deal with extensively, a kind of twisted love and sexuality with violent overtones. Actually, there you have our three main themes—love, sex and violence."

Really. This could be gathered from the live show which features three screens on stage—one video, two slide—which display the images to go along with the music... the visual track, if you like.

"The images we have gathered over the years has sort of developed along with and out of the music. There is stuff there like Brugel paintings, Blake drawings, scenes from S&M films, early erotic photography, clips from *Taxi Driver*, anything really that relate to the themes we're dealing with," says Cosey.

Being a fellow limey I was interested in to know what was going on in England right now, musically.

"Well, it's a strange scene right now," she says. "The only thing that is really happening is the whole house thing, which I don't particularly care for, but if it wasn't for that not much else would be happening. In some ways we have benefitted from the popularity of house music because we are making dance music as such, but I definitely wouldn't like to be associated with

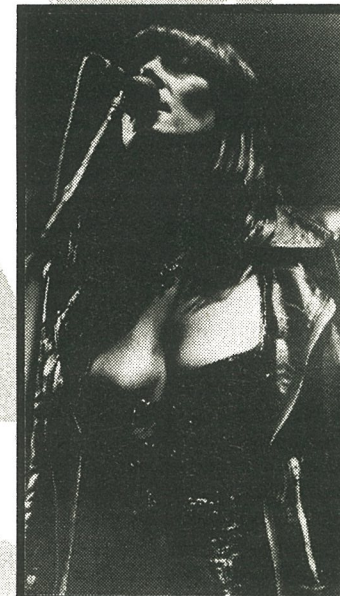
that movement. It's also bad for us because we only get to play England two or three times a year. Most of our touring is done in Europe—particularly in Germany—and in North America. Tonight is the second night of our

North American tour which will take us pretty much all throughout the States and Canada. Last night in Boston was the first gig of the tour. We've never played there before so I was a little apprehensive but a large crowd turned out and it was well received so that has sort of set a good tone for the rest of the tour, I hope."

The show later that night also drew a fair size crowd that were treated to a good cross section of old and new material, which ran together well considering that the music spans nine years of constantly changing writing.

When T.G. split in 1981 (or thereabouts) the only thing that I paid attention too was the career of Genesis P. Orridge and let Chris and Cosey to on their merry way. Since this interview and the show I have gone back and listened to to most of their stuff and do you know what—I like it. It's dark and sombre and you can dance to it. So what did I learn from all of this?

Well, out of a great thing, ie. T.G., can come not just one good thing but a multitude of them, varying in form, but consistent in quality. A lesson well learned. Class dismissed.



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31

NEW YEAR'S EVE PARTY
LES TACHES+THE NILS +DEDE TRAQUE

PHOTO: Shawn Scallen



13

(sung to the tune of the Brady Bunch theme) This is a story of a lovely lady who had to interview five very lovely girls, all of them came from Brooklyn; not like this "reporter", Shlonk was there too...

RearGarde: How long have you been playing together?

Shlonk: Too long, go suck my arse goddamn...

Lunachicks: Not long enough to take a shit for... longer than the biggest booger in my nose.

Shlonk: What did you think of the show tonight? I thought it was very good. Yes, I enjoyed myself, it went by so fast but I really enjoyed myself so much and then the Lunachicks' show was enjoyable too. So there.

RearGarde: Are you on a big tour now?

Lunachicks: No, we're on a mini-tour; five days. Then we're going on a world tour...

Shlonk: With Shlonk!

Lunachicks: Yeah, and we're gonna play all over the world: Australia, the North Pole, Japan... then we're playing the Antarctica with Gwar.

Shlonk: Then we're going to play Quebec. Not just Quebec City, but all the small towns, like, like...

RearGarde: Mascouche? Chicoutimi??

Shlonk: Not just Chicoutimi. We're talking places they've never seen a band or a chick before.

RearGarde: Speaking of "chicks", do you gals have alot of trouble being an all chick band?

Lunachicks: Yeah, sometimes. How about you Al, do you have problems being a chick?

Shlonk (Al): I have alot of trouble being female; I don't menstruate every month. I tried to cut myself down there to bleed every month, but it didn't work.

RearGarde: Your tits are always lopsided too.

Shlonk (Al):

Yeah, it just gets really messy, I don't know anymore...

Lunachicks: We had problems being women last night, 'cos we WERE women.

It's the same old story of every all-female band: once you start playing rock n' roll together, you start menstruating together. The GoGos, the Cycle Sluts, they all go through this. It's a bitch, ain't it?

RearGarde: Do you get alot of comparisons with other female bands? Have you been called the GoGos with PMS yet?

Lunachicks: No, but we always get the Pandoras thing. But they said we're a lot better than the Pandoras, so we were all really happy.

Shlonk: We're secretly grouping together and we're gonna beat the shit out of the Pandoras. We're going to do a show with them where they're going to headline and we're going to kick the fuckin shit out of them.

Lunachicks: We're going to go down to California and take their wireless and bend them until... until they're bent!

RearGarde: The music you play, it's...

Lunachicks: It's stupid.

RearGarde: It's stupid??

Lunachicks: No, it's not stupid, it's S-T-O-O-P-I-T!!

The Lunachicks don't elaborate on this because Al distracts us all as he points out that Squid DOES have a nose, despite the press shot hanging above the desk. Talk turns to noses and press kits and whacking off. This interview goes out the window.

RearGarde: I read that you like bands like Air Supply and...

Lunachicks: And Karen Carpenter, Juice Newton... Is she asking about our idols?... I think so... REOSpeedwagon... Asia... Captain & Tennille... Journey...



Shlonk: Ethel Merman and Linda Blair... Mommy...

Lunachicks: The Easter Bunny! Things get chaotic again as everyone discusses Ted Bundy and the possibility of him starting a band. Al rambles on about someone named Dear Dotty and the Weekly World News. I ask them about groupies and they "never get the cute ones. Only the ones that weighs 90 pounds and greasy and have thick Michael Levine's fault."

RearGarde: You have been labelled the female version of GWAR; spraying the audience with blood and all that kind of stuff, but you didn't do that tonight...

Lunachicks: We don't like to be predictable... I usually use a lot of blood but then I didn't want to get all sticky, but I DID use up all my slime... You did?... For the whole trip?... Yeah... Where can I get some more?

The Lunachicks now commence to bitch at each other about who's fault it was for fucking up the set. Nobody takes the blame. Kelly interrupts again and says he likes Squid's sneakers. Oh c'mon, this is getting to be like the Dating Game from Hell.

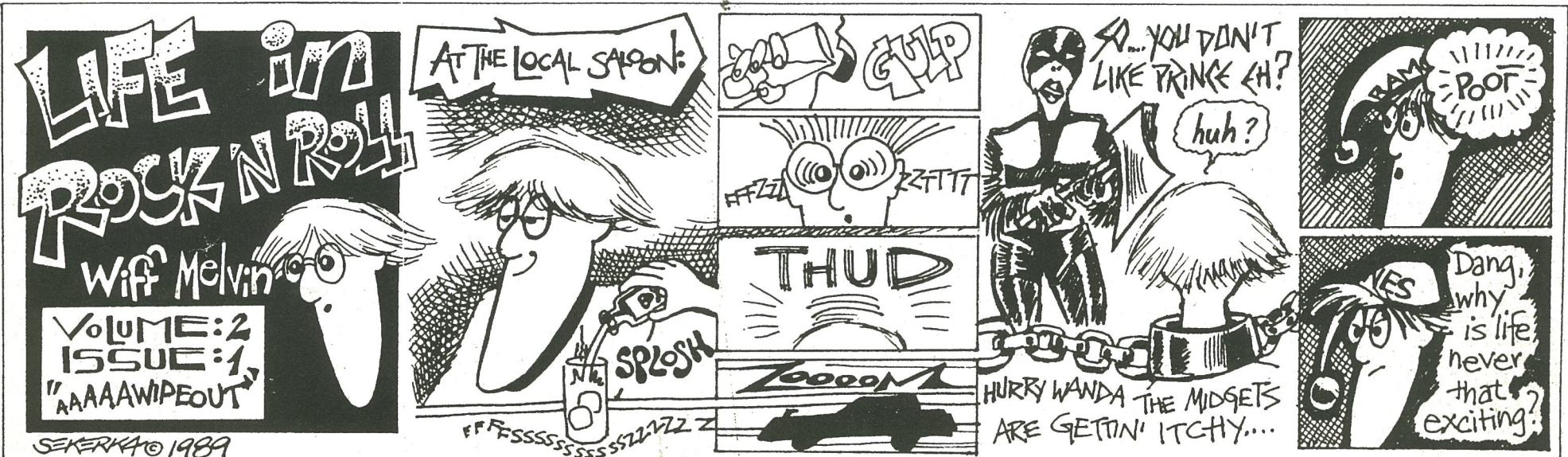
Kelly: I made up a new question: what's your favorite form of capital punishment?

RearGarde: Hey,

this is MY interview...

Lunachicks: Rock n' roll... Our box is 496 LaGuardia Place, Suite 395, New York, NY 10012...WRITE TO US!!! Moral? "I miss my mommy" "interview" conducted by Miss Wendy and everybody else

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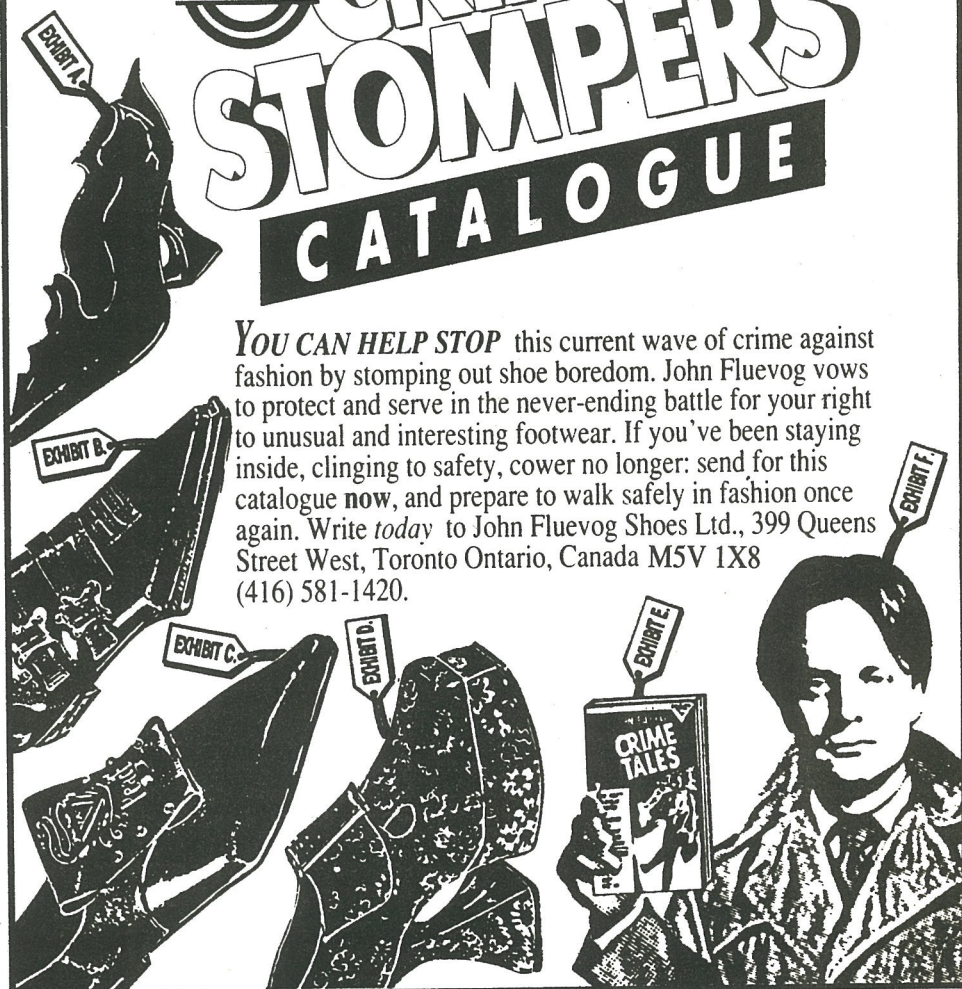
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NEXT ISSUE



DOUGHBOYS.
PHOTO: DAG

DOUGHBOYS
SATAN'S LANDLORD
SWANS
GWAR
BERURIER NOIR
ALIEN SEX FIEND
BUTTHOLE SURFERS
24-7 SPYZ
SIDEWINDERS
TRAPT
7 SECONDS
RED HOT CHILI PEPPERS
NEW MUSIC FEST
AND GOD KNOWS WHAT ELSE

Junior Gone Wild
Foufounes Electriques
September 27

I was afraid something like this was going to happen. Y' see, whenever I decide to do one of these reviews, it is after I have seen the concert and I have to make sure that I have something to say, or at least an interesting way of saying something. Once I decide, I call up Paul and Emma, zip on over, type it up, and so placate my insatiable ego once the thing's published. This time, however, I'm stuck. It has nothing to do with **Junior Gone Wild**—I love their stuff to pieces—it's just that I'm hard up for any meaningful observations.

What happened was this: While I was buying one of their cassettes (sixteen songs for ten bucks, only available at their gigs, my little chickadees!), their lead singer, Mike (apt name when you think about it), asked me if I was there to do an interview, as they were expecting one from a local college paper earlier that day. I said that I wasn't, but, later on, I did one anyway with Steve, their lead guitarist. It was a horrible, piddly thing (the interview, not Steve) full of dull, uninteresting droning—tour progress, label interest, you know the spiel. Paul vetoed it on account of another JGW interview printed a few issues previous; I suppose that it's just as well. But I did promise them that I'd write something up...

Okay, **Junior Gone Wild**: country rock; college rock; garage/punk/folk/country/dance-with-a-partner rock'n'roll. The type of band that you could take your accounting class buddies to see without offending your purple spike-haired girlfriend. Three-part harmonies, corny jokes, and songs about broken hearts, motor-



Lydia Lunch.

PHOTO: Derek Von Essen

CONCERT

cycles, and killing people for their money. See it, hear it, love it, get married to it.

Well, that's about it. For the record, as to what type of marine life they'd like to be if given the choice, Steve chose starfish, as they turn all sorts of nifty colours when immersed in boiling water.

I'll try to be a bit more organised next time. Really. I promise.

Dave "Wheeze-O-Rama" McIntyre

Ripcordz, Hodads
Station 10
September 22

Hey look everybody, it was the Ripcordz record launch in a packed and sweaty Station 10! Yah and you missed it, Bleahhhh. Well, this is how it went.

The opening band, to which I publically admit I had my doubts with (but changed my opinion during their set) were the Hodads. A rock'n'Roll cowpunk pogues 'r' us kind of band. In simpler words they were grrrrrrreat!

The love of their music could of been seen on all their faces. The artistic talent could be heard through songs like *Lonely* ("I'd rather be lonely then be hurt"). The sleepy crowd was woken up by the action poised on stage. They could've had you dancin cheek to cheek or dancin up a storm. Either way the Hodads have gained some new fans.

If yer all thinkin cos I'm workin for RearGarde that I give the Ripcordz credit, well yer bloody wrong! I'm a fan true and bruised.

So here were the Ripcordz; they've got talent, humour and serious haircuts. Their new album was sold for five whole dollars! (I'm telling ya you should of been there). They ripped their punk rock tunes straight from the heart, except the crowd was still boring, clapping and yelling, but not moving. (I don't understand, doesn't anybody have fun anymore?!) Finally those scary skins had the pit moshin for a bit. The band finished off the set with a stars on 45 theme of Joan Jett and I swear it I thought I saw Joan Jett in the crowd. I don't know, maybe I'd been drinking too much coke.

Domenic Castelli

Marianne Faithfull
Foufounes Electriques
October 22

Hopped off a really long plane ride, drank some fine

whiskey gratuit, gave new meaning to the term 'projectile vomiting', caught a few hours of tormented sleep, and went to the show. This was how Ms. Faithfull would have done her shows a few years ago, but unfortunately this tale of woe happens to be all mine this time.

After enduring a somewhat painful opening act called *Azalea Snail*, who reminded me of a lame takeoff of Mtl.'s *Ma T'chum* (?), a woman took the stage who is living proof of the excesses of rock'n'roll. Marianne Faithfull has aged with grace, changing styles as it suits her, and certainly embraces the battle scars quietly. She played to a sold-out crowd two nights in a row—it's really strange to see Foufounes packed to the rafters at 9 p.m. on a Sunday.

Firstly, it was just Marianne and her acoustic guitarist Barry Reynolds basking in the limelight, setting precedence for what turned out to be one of the most intense and dramatic shows I've ever experienced. She started with an unrecorded song, *Falling From Grace*, and then drifted into a steaming *Guilt*. Some songs were new to her, like a Leonard Cohen tune and one or two others, so she donned a pair of reading glasses and endeared herself to the crowd by exposing herself as a mature woman who isn't afraid of her imperfections.

Actually, Marianne seethed with sensuality for the entire show, especially on songs like *Why'd Ya Do It*, *As Tears Go By*, *Blue Millionaire*, *The Ballad of Lucy Jordan*, *Brain Drain*, and someone I know even said her version of *Sister Morphine* brought tears down their face.

Marianne sang almost all of *Broken English*, quite a few songs off her torchy *Strange Weather*, and threw in selections like a vaudevillian *When We're Alone*, a new song written for her by (oh no) *Bono and The Edge*, and the closing number by the old Irish group the Chieftains, an acapella folk song called *She Moved Through the Fell*, which she chose because she's now living in Ireland. The capacity crowd loved her, begging for more like infrequently cultured uncouths (scumbags to most folks). An hour and a half later, most were saying it was a totally unforgettable show—myself included.

Loirre

Hawkwind
Diamond Club
September 24

Hawkwind!!!! At the Diamond?! Holy Shit!!! Maybe I wasn't born too late after all! Seems these icons got so much fan mail they decided to return to Canada after a 13 year hiatus. Now, I must admit that I'm not too crazy about futuristic synthesizer noodlings of Dr. Hasbeen and the boys these days but the Hawkwind of yore... well, it's the stuff of legend. So I really didn't know what to expect.

Well, those wacky synthesizers littered the stage alright, but I wasn't about to walk away disappointed. Oh no. In fact, this was truly the most incredible audio/visual thing I've ever seen. Smoke machines, purple strobes, liquid lights, a continuous multi-screen rear video projection and immaculate sound. Too much. And did they play any old stuff? Fuck yeah! *Time We Left*, *Brainstorm*, *Down Through the Night*, *Magnu*, *Assault and Battery*, *The Golden Void*...etc., etc...During *Hassan I Sabbah*, based on the hashassassins of Egyptian legend, the stage filled with smoke and the band played to a backdrop of assorted chunks of hash and marijuana plants. A bit of corn you say? Normally yes, but this is the only band on Earth in this day and age that could actually do that and look COOL.

This version of the band was a four-piece in which all members excelled. The bass player was solid and handled vocal chores on a number of tracks. The synth guru filled the room with THE Sound. Chief Hawkperson Dave Brock stuck mostly to his guitar and gave us a healthy dose of that magical voice. They never really stopped playing until the proverbial encore, when Mr. Brock asked the crowd if they'd like "to hear some more spacey sounds." They sure as shit did.

In 1969 the band wrote: "...we are trying to levitate people's minds, in a nice way, without acid, with ultimately a complete audio/visual thing. Using a complex of electronics, lights, and environmental experiences." Twenty years later they're doing it better than ever and better than anyone ever will. Incredible.

Scott Powter

Ray Condo and his Hardrock Goners
The Taylor/Montour wedding
Kahnawake Knights of Columbus Hall
September 2

AND Harbour Cruise, aboard the H.V. Louis
Joliette
September 22

Not the usual Ray Condo audience and they try some of everything to get these people onto the dance floor. Fast, slow, reels, waltzes, surf instrumentals. All they get is sporadic bursts of movement. If nothing else, it was an impressive display of the range that the Goners can handle.

Being the trooper that he is, Ray showed no sign whatsoever that he was feeling slightly under the weather. When this guy sings *Lost Highway*, you have to sort of wonder why he hasn't got *Sneezy Waters*' job, impersonating *Hank Williams*. Nah, we'll let Ray be Ray. They were underpaid, under appreciated (for the most part), and it didn't stop them from rocking the joint. The next time they play here, there should be more than one guy dancing on the tables. The bride and the groom were happy and that's what counts...

Four universities get together with CHOM and put a harbour cruise together, you see. They put us on a boat with cheap beer and free pizza (we got what we paid for with the pizza) and Ray and the Goners. Fewer slow tunes and more instrumentals than the wedding. There were no tidal waves from the butt end of hurricane Hugo to bounce the boat around so you couldn't tell you were on the water unless you looked out the window or went on deck.

They still don't do *Pocketful of Rainbows*. How can

people pay over 30 bucks for Elton and Paul and Mick and Keith when there's stuff like this around for peanuts, or in this case, nothing? Go figure. In the words of *Marshall Crenshaw*, "If you don't like rockabilly, just what is wrong with you anyway?"

Why am I writing this? With Ray and the guys you never get less than really good. Sometimes it's great. Occasionally it's UNREAL. Whether it's the K of C hall in Mohawk territory, or somewhere on the St. Lawrence on a boat, RAY CONDO RULES!!!!

Dave Bush

"Performances"
The Tycoon
September 21

First performance: **Tom Dubeau**

Alone, on an electric guitar, Tom croons out tunes by *Frank Sinatra* and of the rockabilly genre. His voice is reminiscent of *Elvis* (before he got fat). With a deep tenor and some silly jokes, he's entertaining and great to heckle at.

Second performance: **Gregory John**

This guy calls his brand of music "strumming speed". It's a unique title but I'm not sure what it means. Don't confuse the "speed" with "speed metal". Also alone with an electric guitar, Gregory's smooth hollow voice seems perfect when bellowing out tunes of the sixties kind (i.e. *Led Zep*, *Lennon*). The sound was actually pretty good and certain tunes made my eardrums bleed.

Third performance: **Vaudeville**

This is a band that belts out tunes about Canada and the Free Trade and other kind of stuff one would expect to hear in pubs like the Stanley II. I wonder if these acts were a representation of the different types of music of a certain time period: If so, Vaudeville is a pretty cheap rep of music of the seventies or eighties.

Fourth performance: **Corpusse**

There has been talk as to why so little clubs want to book this act. Now I know. His music and style is surely ahead of its time and Montrealers are still unaccustomed to it. It's what you might call "gothic rock", like that of *Skinny Puppy*. With a synthesizer, he creates tunes that are sometimes pleasant and sometimes harmful to the ears. A mix of electronic classical type tunes with organ choir from Satan's church, Corpusse lures us into his world of shock theatrics. Next time this guy plays, check it out—it'll leave you speechless.

Miss Wendy

DBC, Lizard
Foufounes Electriques
September 29

Being the haughty diva that I am, I arrived fashionably late as usual. It is absolutely de rigueur that one does so in events such as this, but the only drawback was that I missed Lizard. No doubt they gave a fine performance and I regret missing their show.

Having made my grand entrance, I sauntered "backstage" where I became lost amongst the bodies of the DBC entourage. After properly socializing, whilst the roadies were setting up, the Cells finally made their way onstage. There were five pyrotechnical explosions to introduce the first song of the set; *Genesis Explosion* (does everyone see the "symbolism" here?). However, I was mildly disappointed that no one's hair caught on fire or anything that resembled a 911 case resulted. This feeling was soon dismissed as the boys (men?) tore their way into the songs with energy and ferocity.

There has been some talk about the new sound and/or direction that DBC is taking and how many of their fans would desert the band as the band themselves, desert the hardcore sound. Judging by the attendance record of approx. five hundred, and the fury of which the more brave and enthusiastic souls hurled themselves at each other, it seems that they've accumulated more fans rather than the opposite.

I couldn't proximate no more than five feet from the stage, nor the iron railings of the upstairs. No one would budge as they stood or sat captivated and hypnotised. The more popular songs of *Universe* were performed along with the old favorites from the first album. Between songs Phil modestly told us all to shut up (yeah right, like you don't enjoy hearing the sound of applause) and made the usual bad jokes characteristic of him.

The band returned for two encores, performing their version of *She Watch Channel Zero* to end an unforgettable night. Many left the club that night exhausted from "moshing", but mostly from having their "brain cells destroyed by the new drug: DBC's brain metal".

Miss W. Ciccone

Condition
Cafe Campus
October 25

The Campbells, Electric Love Muffin, the Doughboys
Foufounes Electriques
October 29

The Campbells started the night off with their hip-hopping, bounce-on-the-balls-of-your-feet tunes. It's been about a year since I've seen this band play and I was pretty impressed with the improvements they have made. A new Campbell joins the family and adds more of that rock n' roll sound, though he looked nervous, not moving around much... at all. Surely this band will go places soon, no?

Next up were Electric Love Muffin. One of the coolest names for a band around next to Big Daddy Cumbuckets and Cycle Sluts from Hell. Don't be fooled by their name and the sixties type stuff it might conjure up. They are "way more hip than that". At times, there are a few riffs that remind me abit of U2, but other than that (not that there's anything wrong with U2), they're pretty much rockin' and fun—especially the guitarist who seems to be able to headbang in these weird directions.

The Doughboys Are God!!! It's about time they came back and performed. I was so excited when they came onstage, anticipating the moment of the first blast of notes off of *Tradition*, which they opened up with again. The audience, judging by the energy of "moshing" (or whatever they call it nowadays) and the grooving, felt pretty much the same. Everyone present got a big treat of old tunes along with the new ones. They played an energetic show; miles of hair flying and leaping around like hyper grasshoppers (???). It was one crazy party with versions of songs from Kiss to Lynard Skynard to the B52s. Everyone had a blast and left hoping that there won't be another year long wait before another show.

The Doughboys Are God!
Amen.

Miss Wendy



Fugazi.

PHOTO: DAG

Guy Picciotto's vocals and MacKaye's no-nonsense shoutings.

While their songs deal with heavy issues like AIDS (Give Me The Cure), rape (Suggestion) and drug related crime (Repeater), the band encourages independent thinking on the part of their fans. Which is why they discourage slam dancing, which they feel has become a ritual as opposed to individual expression.

Over the course of the evening the majority of the tracks from Fugazi's two albums were featured, as well as some old and new unreleased material. Brendan #1—a heavy instrumental piece which opened the show. Suggestion and In Defense of Humans highlighted the 60-odd minutes of intensity.

The crowd obviously was not expecting the kind of attitude which Fugazi gave them, but, by the end of the night, most had come around, and maybe even learned something. And even if they didn't, as MacKaye says "It isn't as if they had to pay a lot to get in."

Harsh Reality opened the show, going through the motions for this, their final performance. The most response they got was for their final song—a cover of Minor Threat's *Filler*.

The Trapt, sandwiched inbetween, put in a solid hour of music. New members Steve Durand, and Gord from Honest Injun filling in on drums have created positive roles for themselves in the band. The entire set was tight, and the guys played off each other and the crowd with an ease which comes from hard work and a professional attitude.

Colin Sparks and Shawn Scallen

Fugazi, The Trapt, Harsh Reality
Glebe Community Centre, Ottawa
September 29

We're about dancing. We want everybody to dance, including the girls. So guys, let the girls dance too.

With these words, guitarist/vocalist Ian MacKaye announced Fugazi's presence. And if any of the 400 people in attendance expected to hear Minor Threat, Pailhead or any other of MacKaye's previous projects, they left disappointed. MacKaye countered yells for I Will Not Refuse (sic.) with "that's by another band."

He did however give the audience ample insight into the latest project he is involved with and its philosophy. Both musically and spiritually, Fugazi is about harmony and conflict working together. The angry rhythms created by the guitars, bass and drums serve as a foil to the tension between

albums—Condition is a band to be experienced live! This time around, Julia is trying on the Jody Watley Look, hoop rings 'n all; she slinks and slides, purrs and growls, the bassline slithering like a tail behind. Slim is pickin' an grinnin' as always, the rock twang to Julia's cool keyboard swing. And amidst it all, Vinnie pounds them earthy drums like a tribal remedy for all of these acid house dweebs that I'm seeing on the street now. Torch extraordinaire.

They ran through all of their classics, from their boss cover of *Stranded In The Jungle* to the runaway train of *Who's That On Yer Arm* and the simmering *Beat My Daddy To The Grave*. The people danced, stomped (I did), and slinked along.

Cool, hot, sharp, smooth, dark, fiery, it was all this and more, more, more. See it and believe it.

Dave 'yeah I can't think of a dinky nickname this time around and what about it' McIntyre

The Swans, Mary My Hope, Human Drama
The World, NYC
Sometime in October

When I first walked into The World I felt right at home, as the place is very much like our own Foufounes in it's decor. That is were the similarity ends. Insipid house music, fashion punks everywhere and too much dry ice. I even got a verbal warning from one of the bouncers for putting my cigarette out on the floor. Good room though, nice and big with a large stage and a balcony which gives a great view of the stage.

I failed to notice that there were three bands on the bill tonight so when Human Drama came on I thought it was Mary My Hope, (not being familiar with the music of either band). Human Drama were terrible, looking and sounding very much like The Alarm. All of their songs were trying too hard to sound like anthems. Luckily for Mary My Hope I realised my mistake or else they would be getting the bad review that H.D. are getting (and deserve).

As it was M.M.H. were quite impressive. They are part of this whole noise thing that is very popular in the U.S. right now. The sound was the standard wall of distorted guitar noise but held together by tight bass and drum work and good arrangements. Whilst the music is obviously well rehearsed they manage to maintain a harsh dissident edge. The lead singer is straight out of the Jim Morrison school for front men (that usually makes me roll around the floor in

laughter and pain), but somehow he managed to pull it off without being too annoying. I think this was mainly due to the fact that he could actually sing, an uncommon trait in most noise bands.

Before I begin to talk about The Swans I should make it clear that they are one of my favourite bands right now, having one of the more unique sounds of the eighties. Needless to say, my expectations were high. From the moment they came on stage it was obvious that it was time to get serious, very serious. Over the last two albums they have lost some of the dynamic intensity of the earlier work. The new songs live, however are a different matter. The sound is much fuller now, with more instrumentation, which allows for a bigger sound that builds up, often based on a simple two or three chord progression with slight variations, into a swirling massive assault.

The simplicity and intensity of the songs created a hypnotic effect that only seemed to reach a small part of the audience, most of whom were dressed up for Halloween and just looking for a fun night out. The Swans music is not happytime music at all. This set up a strange tension between the crowd and the band, especially lead singer Michael Gira, who along with the drummer, was labouring extremely hard with the material.

The only drawbacks to the show were the technical difficulties at the beginning, the lack-luster audience response, Jarboe's voice (which doesn't

come across as well live as it does on record), and the fact that they did not play *Coward*.

Will Richards

Alien Sex Fiend, Slaughter Shack
Limelight, NYC

Just about the same time as the Swans show

In some ways the Limelight is a very interesting club, an old church with very few changes made since it's used as a place of worship. I hate to say anything bad about the place as everyone there was very helpful in setting up an interview with Alien Sex Fiend at very short notice, so I'll just say that it wasn't my kind of place, too clean, too many Robert Smith wannabes. Cheap though, only \$10, which is pretty good for NYC.

Slaughter Shack are a metal band out off Boston. I didn't catch much of their show as I was too busy trying to track down an interview with A.S.F., but what I did hear left me with nothing good to say. I have very little good to say about heavy metal in general, so when it's played as listlessly as this it deserves no attention whatsoever. Bland and predictable are two good adjectives to describe this band. (Is predictable an adjective? I should go back to school.)

The A.S.F. show consisted of graffitied walls, broken TVs, lots and lots of plastic skulls, wave after wave of dry ice and two hours twenty minutes of hard driving twangy music that they are able to do very well. The sound was constant in it's delivery, even though the material covered the whole seven years of their career. Even so, when the show was over there was still many things to that I wanted to hear. After all, the band has about eight albums and several E.P.s which add up to a very large repertoire. The things they did play were prime though.

The highlights of the show were probably *I Walk the Line*, *EST*, (introduced as a U2 song), and a pumped up version of *Attack* which actually provoked the usually placid NY audience (who aren't into sweating), into what could almost be described as a moshin' frenzy. In general it was a show where you got your money's worth in music and effort from the band and it is cheering to see that they can still be committed to their music after what has been a relatively long career 'tho if you're looking for anything other than a fun time—like maybe you want some brain substance in the music—you would probably do well to look elsewhere.

Will Richards

Barrymore's
October 20

Saw the Campers at *Cafe Campus* last year, so I knew. Went early to see Syd outta curiosity. Good thing, she blew me away. Peeking through cat eye glasses, under a mammoth hillbilly hat, poking at her cardigan, Syd endeared herself to us from the get-go.

Carefree, unabashed, and downright fun. Dave Alvin on guitar didn't hurt. About halfway through her new album, which just doesn't measure up to the cookin' live show, Syd dropped to her knees and begged Dave for a song. He obliged with *X's 4th of July*. I could hardly contain myself. Just as Syd spun us into a goodtime frenzy, she had to leave. "My, how time flies when you're the opening act." As the band left, Syd snuck behind our table and hooted and stomped for her encore.

This breath of fresh Californian air showed us something we hadn't seen for awhile: a personable female performer that leapt into our hearts sans leathery bimbo tendencies. Oh, yeah, Camper was great too, but you knew that.

John Sekerka

The Waterboys
The Spectrum
October 15

It's Sunday. It's night. It's dead. It's Ottawa. 60 minutes, vacuum, or hot bath. Hmfm. Phone rings. Connie. Fresh from the Waterboys the night previous. Gotta go again.

Two hectic hours later we're leaving our allowances to a slick Guy in a satin Canadian's jacket. Big lights, bright city. The Waterboys' bus says something about muck. We like it.

It's Christmassy inside, though noone else thinks so. Good and warm up front.

There's few heros I'll admit to, but, well, you know. Mike Scott appears. Hair, hat, and piano. Missed 'im twice before, this is it. The fiddle kicks in and we're treated to most of *Fisherman's Blues*. The unparalleled pas-

Lunachicks, Shlonk
Foufounes Electriques
October 19

Some people have told me in passing that Shlonk was a band that was still "unexperienced musically". Even so, they still had their handful of fans present to cheer them on. I had never seen them play before and I was in for a treat. Their music is hardcore-sounding, reminiscent of bands like... well, who cares. But the main attraction is screamer Al, who was in drag for the night, looking like the late great Divine (sort of. Hardly, but kind of).

Slowly, after each song, a garment disappears until he is clad only in longjohns and a purple bra-looking thing. He screams and growls while twisting his body onstage and off, rolling around in spilt beer. The "real" women banging out loud crunchy distortions on the instruments only fitting for such a wild and crazy guy.

Following a brief intermission, the Lunachicks sashayed onstage and began setting up their props of rubber barf, rubber chicken, etc. Having been compared to the Pandoras numerous times, I have to say one thing: No way! The Lunachicks really kick ass. Theirs is a harder, heavier and more "metal" sound. Theo's voice transforms from a throaty growl to high-pitched Cyndi Lauper-like yelps so fast, it'll shatter your eardrums and make your head spin.

Along with the other chicks on guitars and bass, belting out notes that tear into your cochlea until it bleeds, and the most powerful drummer around (male or female), the Lunachicks are solid proof that women can kick ass just as well as men—or better.

Miss Wendy

Syd Straw, Camper Van Beethoven

on of every song is the key. He pours so much out, there shouldn't be anything left of Scott. Nothing under five minutes, save the old traditional instrumental. Each song carefully structured and painstakingly seen to maximum limit.

No trumpets for *The Whole of the Moon*. Fiddle and accordion make it fresh yet less kitsy. Band sounds great, but Scott easily eases the night by acoustically encoring with *Someone Might Wave Back*.

Amazing lightning whites out the entire room on the drive back. Feels good.

John Sekerka

War Brides Station 10 November 4

The wind blew clear on Saturday night; the cigarettes glowed cool and bright, the club sublime, though choked of light as the War Brides took the stage.

Also scheduled were No Vise - customs men thought otherwise; thus but one band greeted ears and eyes, and the War Brides took the stage (chorus)

AND THE WAR BRIDES TOOK THE STAGE!!!

ark! 'tis the sound of Husker Du, the Dik Van Dykes, The Minutemen, io;

by Division hinted the brew as the War Brides took the stage. like a runaway train, clanking wheels, the rhythm unsure amidst feedback squeals; the beer did gradually smooth the ordeal, and the War Brides took the stage (chorus)

AND THE WAR BRIDES TOOK THE STAGE!!!

songs from their demo marked the show: pieces and How, and others did glow; they even gave Sabbath and The Beatles go.

As the War Brides took the stage. 'Twas pleasant a way to spend the while, A good young band still shaping their style.

And I muddle these rhymes so that I can go to bed,

And the War Brides took the stage (chorus)

AND THE WAR BRIDES TOOK THE STAGE!!!

Dave "Iambic Whatever" McIntyre

My Dog Popper, Killer Dump Foufounes Oct 8

Killer Dump opened the show with Eric "guest-starring" on the opening song, *My Generation*. This was augmented by the subtle bass runs of the guy from D.B.C. They carried on with another singer, performing *Gimme Shelter*, *No Fun*, and another tune I'd never heard before. They're all right, but the band's real talent is Jenny Ross's killer guitar solos. She never missed a note or broke a string.

Popper, playing their last Montreal show "for now," (*Oh God, not another break-up!.. Wait a sec, aren't they playing New Year's Eve?—ed.*) started with Perry Como's *Children of the Grave*. They were cool as usual, and put on a good show, playing most of their greatest hits (did I miss *Green Eggs & Ham*?), including their top smash hit available on *On Garde* (for those of you who still haven't bought your copy, do so), *Sex Death*.

Once again, the crowd was showered with gifts: gum, plastic harmonicas (to join along with), and condoms, which everyone made balloons out of before trampling them. To fully illustrate the importance of them (condoms), Dr. Eric himself performed an impromptu abortion on stage. Basically a fitting farewell (for now) from Montreal by one of our fair city's finest jazz quintets. Maybe in many years from now, they'll re-form and do a triumphant reunion show (or whole tour) like everyone else. We can only hope and pray.

Erik

Mick Taylor Club Soda Oct 29

Before I blab about the band, I'd like to mention that although Mick Taylor played with the Rolling Stones for a few years, he has been playing his own un-Stonish music since leaving them. He's not even playing Stones songs (except *You Gotta Move* in '88 which was written by Fred McDowell anyway), so seeing him is not intended to be an imitation Stones show.

Incidentally, Club Soda wouldn't let me in as a RearGarde writer, nor to interview Taylor, because of some trivial incident from several months ago. So let's hear it for the morons at Club Soda, even the doorman who practically strip-searched me. I mean, really, their infantile attitude is ridiculous—it's a show-bar, not a sand box.

Mick himself was all right, but not great. He played very well, which is hardly a surprise considering his talents and experience. He just didn't seem to be really into it, but rather going through the motions based on memory, not on the moment. That sounds a bit dumb, but he just didn't seem to be all that interested in what he was doing.

The band consisted of a very good but geeky-looking guitar player who traded leads with Taylor throughout the set, as well as a "skilled" drummer and keyboard player not to mention a very cool bass guitar player. They played well together and even jammed, but the music sounded kind of stagnant, like they've been playing the same old songs and jams for too long.

The set was just over an hour and a half, including two encores (*Leather Jacket* and something they'd never done before). The crowd was pretty enthusiastic, but the Mick Taylor Band is too old and tired to rock. It was kind of sad too, to see their collective talents just going through the motions. Oh well...

Erik



Mudhoney. PHOTO: Derek Von Essen

Mudhoney, The Fluid Apocalypse Club Toronto October 23

Mudhoney are one of these bands that have a great deal of attention surrounding them. Some might call it hype. So when they came to town, having heard both Mudhoney and the Fluid records (both of which are on Sub Pop, no less) I was almost convinced that the Fluid were going to blow Mudhoney off the stage.

History tells us that prejudice is a dangerous thing that often ends in ignorance. The Fluid came on stage and were really great. Lots of guitars and a surprisingly derivative lead vocalist (read somewhere between Jim Morrison and Johnny Rotten). Although debatable, The Fluid were not as great as their newest record, *Roadmouth*, promised.

Mudhoney, on the other hand were exactly what their records had promised. Hitting the stage with little flash they culled their set into a seamless string of hits one after another. Mark Arm's voice and Steve Turner's guitar never faltered from the very live sound they are famous for. Playing most of the tunes from their EP *Super Fuzz Big Muff*, as well as the 7" releases like *You Got It (Keep it outta my Face)* and the soon to be a classic *Touch Me I'm Sick*, the crowd reeled in euphoria.

Judging from their newest 7", *The Gift*, a tune that was originally done by Mark Arm's first band Mr. Epp (who's drummer incidentally now plays in Steel Pole Bathhtub) it's a little iffy as to how long the sparks will fly, but hopefully they'll continue long after they die.

P S Marlboro

Fumblekin, Ripcordz, Bliss Rivoli Club, Toronto Nov 5

This show was packed! Way too many people, and there was limited oxygen space in the club. If you believe that, then you're crazy. Only about 25 people at best showed up to see these three rockin' bands.

Fumblekin, Bliss, Ripcordz, I salute you! Drew, the bass player for Fumblekin, said, "This show reminds me of a basement jam session. It's a relaxed atmosphere, and you can be yourself." I tend to agree with Drew, in that smaller crowds can be more appealing. The audience seemed receptive, and I even noticed a couple of punks dancing in front of the stage when Fumblekin was on.

Fumblekin was pretty hot! Lots o' rockin' tunes to keep be bangin' my curly head. The guitar work by Sted seemed better than ever. 70's acid rock meets 90's noise—whatta combination. I particularly liked front man Dereck Beckles' sense of humour. The highlight of the band's set was a song that Dereck dedicated to Vic Tayback of Alice fame. You know that crazy TV sitcom of the 70s? At that moment I felt a spark inside me. You

know something, these guys switch instruments, and they do it with such ease and conviction. They played a long enjoyable set.

Not too long after, Fumblekin set their trails, and those Montrealeers Ripcordz crunched out some pretty heavy 77 style punk. For years it's been basically smooth salin' h.c. for me, but when I heard these guys, they refreshed my memory why I got into this silly type of music to begin with.

Snotty, grungy, hard sounding punk was a breath of fresh air from what I usually listen to. Somehow, I could picture the Ripcordz on a bill with the Leather Tuscadero band (Suzie Quatro) from "Happy Days." Sure, they could both play at Arnold's. Too bad it was only a TV show. So, the band finished their set, and I couldn't wait to come home and listen to my TV Eye 1977 Live Iggy Pop 8-track. I was inspired.

Last but not least, Bliss, another Montreal band, came on. I have already seen them earlier in the year, and they seem to have gotten tighter. Iain, the singer, jumped around singing like a banshee as the rest of Bliss made your senses come alive. Loud jazz punk noise came in sound waves that headed directly to my cranium! They played quite a few new tracks that I did not recognize and also played their old favourites *Amazing Drugs*, *Got the Time?* and *Mr. Wormy*.

I really like this band's lyrics, being very

anti-establishment. I thought the feedback that Mike was getting from his guitar blended in well with Sylvain's bass playing. The band's new material sounds noisier. Every time the audience would clap after a song, Iain would say "No no no... well, okay," meaning the audience is being too nice, and the band doesn't deserve that treatment.

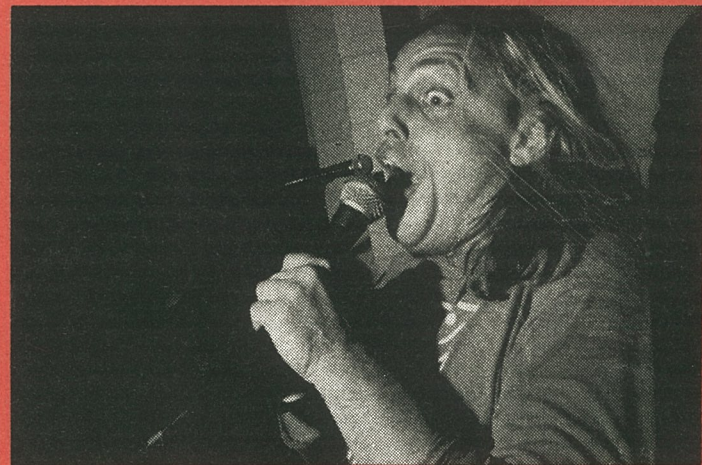
It would be nice, in the future, if all these acts played on a bill together in Toronto once again. Let's hope to a larger crowd. All in all it was a good evening and I think everyone was satisfied, including yours truly.

Adam Kates

Brick Layer Cake, The Jesus Lizard, Flour, the Rock Spys of Love The Apocalypse October 24

Pretty shoddy turn out if you consider that this was such an All-Star, fucking Rock God type show. Brick Layer Cake was cool: A solo act that expanded into Steve Albini on Drums and David Wm. Sims on Bass. Ok, that's all. Steve plays drums like a machine, really slow.

The Jesus Lizard are basically Scratch Acid with a different drummer and guitar player. So how would you expect them to sound? Bingo. Like Scratch Acid with a different guitar player and drummer. Better than Rapeman, not as good as Scratch Acid. David Yow is most definitely getting older—



MDC.

PHOTO: Shawn Scallen

Metal Devil Cokes, Neanderthal Sponge, Violent Solution Sandy Hill Community Centre October 20

For one brief instant, a sense of relief and disillusionment could simultaneously be seen in the eyes of each and every member of the audience at the Sandy Hill Community Centre Friday night. Relieved because San Francisco hardcore heavies Metal Devil Cokes (MDC) actually made it. Disillusioned because the bandmembers were so old.

Despite Dictor's use of a cane off-stage, and the band's average age of 36, MDC managed an intense show, upstaging most bands half their age. They began their 40 minute set with five songs from their 1987 release Millions of Damn Christians. This was the newest material they played. Damn Christians being their last album with Fraser on guitar. These more metallic songs like *This Blood's For You*, *Henry Kissmyassinger*, and the title track, received a decent response, but the crowd didn't show signs of enthusiasm and the stagedivers didn't start flying until the next four songs.

Multi Death Corporation, the title track to MDC's second record, began the blast from the past. Corporate Death Burger, Dick For Brains, and I Hate Work, all from MDC's first album followed. For these four tracks the pit was a melee of arms, elbows and boots. Those who chose (managed) to keep their feet on the floor vocalized verbatim.

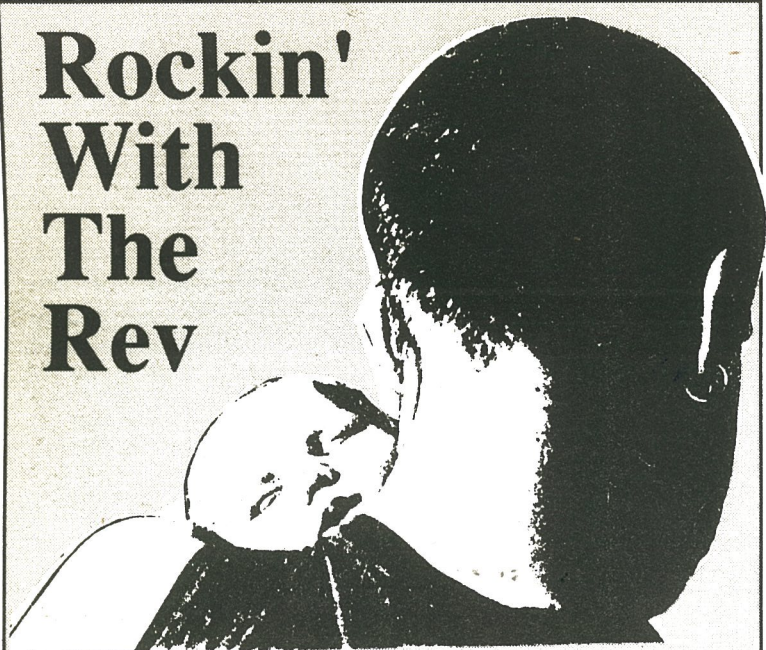
MDC then dispelled any notions of them being a three chord thrash band. Your Death Wish Is Sick, echoed fifties rock and roll with Great Balls of Fire chord progressions set to pounding punk bass and drums. Toftutti was a cover of Little Richard's Tutti Frutti, the lyrics changed to express MDC's vegetarian beliefs and love of bean curd. South Africa was the musical highlight of the evening—an anti-apartheid heavy funk/metal piece similar in style and sound to MDC's Bay Area buddies, the Beatnigs.

The set was rounded out with MDC working their way backwards through their three big hits—S.K.I.N.H.E.A.D., Chickensquawk and John Wayne Was A Nazi.

Local punksters Neanderthal Sponge and Violent Solution kicked off the evening's festivities. Violent Solution opened, receiving a lukewarm reception. Only two incredibly intoxicated dancers got into Violent Solution's half-hour set, stumbling around the empty pit. Neanderthal Sponge went over much better, with most of the usual kamikazees pounding the proverbial shit out of one another during the Sponge's 45 minutes of fame.

Shawn Scallen

Rockin' With The Rev



Hi friends. You know, the Rev is in a rare Mellow Mood for this month's Sermon from the Mount. But don't let that stop y'all from Having Fun. And speaking of The Aforementioned Activity, have you ever stopped to consider the omniscient characteristics of Just What The Heck Happened To Good Ol' Jim Bakker, Anyolhows?

Well, that Agent of Satan, Maximum Bob, sentenced ol' Jim to 45 years in prison, with eligibility for Pay-Roll in 10 years. Think of it, friends. Notice anything metaphysical here? You bet. Add 4 + 5. You get 9. Right? Good. Divide 9 by 3. You get 3. Hallelujah! A Trio of Holy Trinities! And speaking of Trio, ever remember that band Trio with that outrageously hip hit song, *Da, Da, Da*? Just wondering. See, notice the title. 3 words. Coincidence? Or just another sign that y'all better watch out, 'cos God'll get you real good? But I digress.

Back to Jim. O.K. Pay-Roll in 10 years. Multiply 10 by 3. You get 30. Divide 30 by 10. You get 3. Another Holy Trinity! See, folks, the Lord does indeed work in wacky and mysterious ways. And you know, whenever Your Friend and Mine, Jim Bakker, does get out of Purgatory, whether it be in 10 or 45 years, you just know some things will be the same. The Rolling Stones will still be putting out Bad Records. There will still be University Students. And this is Not Good.

See, Students are Evil. The only thing worse than Students is People Who Used to Be Students. Remember back in the Good Ol' Days when, if you wanted to Rebel Against Evil, all you had to do was put on a pair of ripped jeans, spike your hair, and slouch? Nowadays, you can go to any university campus anywhere and see the blasphemous hordes of clean cut, slouching students with ripped jeans, talking about frat parties and careers and arguing the merits of ski trips during Christmas break versus Florida Fun in the Sun breaks in February. That Wacky Condo-dweller in the Sky favours Florida. Ever wonder why there's so many condos in Florida? But I digress. As the Good Book says when talking about students, "Roast 'em alive!" *Matthew 4:29* Florida sounds as good a place as any to do it.

The absolute worst thing about students is Them Being Smug. Time was when you could walk down the street with pride, knowing that the sun was gonna come up the next morning and then go down at night, that God had everything under control, and that everything was gonna be o.k. Now you have to worry that some student is gonna ruin your whole day with some smartass comment like, "Neechee says God is dead so let's partyhardy, dude. I got the latest Rolling Stone record, so let's get wacky, Biff." Who the heck is this Neechee guy anyways, and what has he got to do with anything, anyways? And what sort of name is Biff? But I digress.

So, you're asking yourselves, this is all very well and good, but what the heck does this have to do with the Mighty Fine World of Rock'n'Roll? Well, not much at all, but you know, the ol' Rev just has to slag someone this month, and students are as good a target as any. They're so stupid they wouldn't know what to do if they did read this anyways. But I digress.

There is one good thing about students, though. You know that at some point in their miserable, godless lives that they're going to die miserable, godless deaths. And this is Good.

Some people, like the Rolling Stones, refuse to die, but that's their problem. For all of you plebs out there who look forward to Receiving Thine Glory From God in Death, take heed. It's not as easy as it sounds. Sure, you can always jump in front of a speeding train, or burn an American flag at a Bruce Springsteen concert, but that sure as heck won't win you any favours from He Who Is To Be Feared. Here's how to Make God Happy: 1) don't ever be a student, 2) always look both ways before crossing train tracks, and always use your Bic lighter properly at Springsteen concerts (extended away from the body at a 90 degree angle, with a look of keen reverence on thine face), 3) never, ever, wear a 'Don't Worry, Be Happy' t-shirt. If you happen to be struck down dead while wearing it, you don't want to end up in heaven Looking Stupid, and 4) be nice to each other, eat all your veggies, and burn all your Rolling Stones albums. Simple, and Fun, too.

Well, friends, it sure has been a fun sermon this month. The Rev'll let you in on a little secret—y'all can join in on the fun by doing a simple thing. Just write in and politely suggest Fun Things upon which the Rev can ascend upon his pool-pit and preach all to heck about. If you don't, well, as is scrawled in The Big Black Book, "Be it not for the meek and mild-mannered who shalt not wait upon thine throne for thine wisdom, then thine others shall get mighty confused." *Jeremiah 3:90*

Amen and Hallelujah!

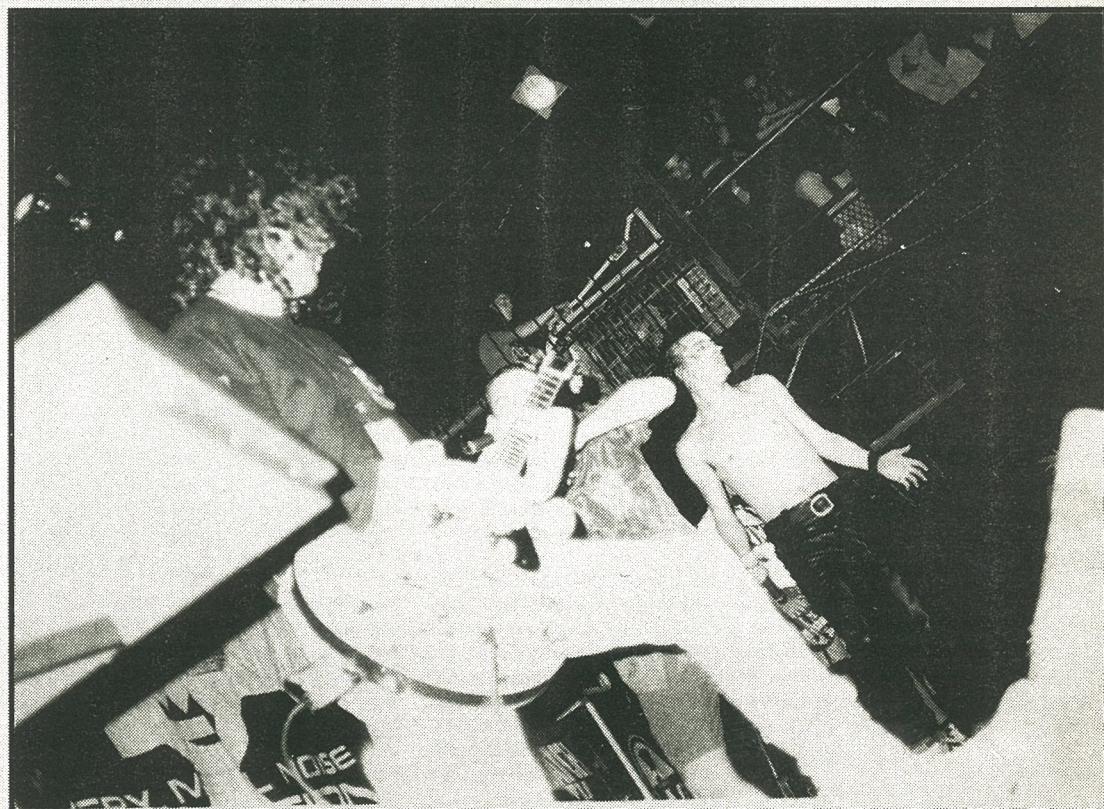


PHOTO: Leanne Burney

Pop Will Eat Itself Foufounes Electriques November 14

Based in Britain, PWEI have recently released a very successful (particularly in North America) second album and are in the midst of a worldwide tour that has included opening shows for Public Enemy.

Though their album is real high-tech mixing and sampling, their live show is much rawer and is really nothing other than a (white) rap show.

"We love the rap groups such as Public Enemy and Run DMC. They're our biggest influence," says Adam.

Up front PWEI has two rappers backed by a guitar/keyboard player and a bass/keyboard player. The major difference between this style and most rap is the absence of a DJ—thus no scratching. To compensate for this they have a complex repertoire of pre-made tapes and samples that I suppose we can refer to as Industrial Rap.

While this may offend some "purists" I think the combination works well with the grinding beats and rhythms of bass and

guitar. Monstermashin and megabeat danceability!

"We see no reason why we can't sample any sounds from the streets, TV, any aspect of our culture," says Adam as a car screeches by. "Hey! that would be a great sound to record!"

And indeed the near-full Foufounes was groovin' to the infectious and thundering beat, as the two singer/rappers were non-stop jumpin' and jivin' and cajoling the audience into more frenzied dancing. And I'm happy to report that for once it was actually a dance floor. Very little thrashing broke out which even allowed a few females onto the floor!

Although I dig this approach to rap, I asked Adam if he felt it was limiting.

"Yeah sure, it's got its limitations," he says. "We have no idea what we'll do next. Last record was straight-ahead rock. Bass, guitar, drums. Who knows what we'll do next?"

For now Pop Will Eat Itself will continue their huge tour bringing their energetic industrial rap show to the legions of fans they've accumulated.

Zippy

too bad he has to pull his dick out on stage to make a statement.

Flour is this guy called Pete from Minneapolis who's in this other band called Rifle Sport whose records are impossible to get, he tells me. He has this really OK record on Touch'n'Go that has all these T'n'G types playing on it. So it only makes sense that his band, the Rock Spys of Love would also have all these Touch'n'Go types in it. What did it sound like? Metallica playing Kraftwerk covers at 1/8 the speed. Steve Albini played the world's loudest Bass (couldn't really make out much else) and Dave Sims the world's most redundant guitar licks and it was really great. If you knew about it and didn't go then you, my friend, are a loser.

P. S. Marlboro

Lydia Lunch Apocalypse October 21

"I've got all the time in the world and a thousand ways to kill it."

Fuck: America, government, industry, yuppies, hippies, jocks, vegetarians, drug addicts, alcoholics, TV junkies, couch potatoes, God and Jesus and all those other motherfuckers.

Fuck: Love, sex, marriage, men, women, every kind of vaginal disease, ex-lovers, present lovers, any lover, Aids, medical care, abortion laws, war, peace, and the apathetic shits who waste their fucking lives

away.

Fuck: Henry Rollins.

Fuck: Rules and regulations, law and order, life and death.

Fuck: Me, you, all of you, them, everyone of them and anyone else who gets in her fucking way.

Derek von Essen

Scott B. Sympathy, John Drake Escape October 13 Black Cat

Even Gord was scared: Friday the 13th and Scott B. Sympathy were playing at a new club in Kensington.

Even scarier was the notion of playing with John Drake Escape.

Everything about the club sniffed of newness: Shiny mirrors, tasteful hangings, a good atmosphere to play, tiny sound system. No amps, no monitors, just a six-channel mixing board. No expectations of a major crowd.

It seems, though, that bands always rise to the occasion in times of adversity. Scott B. smoothed their way through, evidently having a good time, and with a modicum of tightness after all the recording for the impending album. Loud, hard, and funky at times.

As for John Drake Escape, they feature a bassist who's gigged with Snow Dog (the last kick at the cat for the last remnant of Big Daddy) and Grinch (the last reminder of the supergroup Varis Tumbley as it was?),

and a drummer also from Grinch. As for the guitars, it was almost the Immediate reborn but there still needs a kick in there somewhere to boot it back to life again with some real leads and not this assortment of hooks and rhythm riffs.

A scary evening, but a varied assemblage of local band members made for a fun crowd.

Bruce Lam

Happening Thang Horseshoe October 14

A Saturday night for action and nowhere to go. Except a real swinging party was happening inside the Horseshoe. It was another invasion of crazy Aussies in the form of The Happening Thang—a down-home real crazy country band with real western glitzy gear on their backs.

An interesting mixture of ages across the board, like a Mom and Pop harmonizing duo, a young dude on bass, and a real happening violinist who was cute to boot and could really play and toss her hair.

Some real out-and-out country sounds, a reverential treat of Gram Parsons, and an unexpectedly swinging Led Zeppelinesque cover of some song about a stairway.

A real happening time and live broadcast, too, over CKLN during its fundraising drive MK 3000.

Bruce Lam

PHOTO: Shawn Scallen

PUBLIC ENEMY

Public Enemy are a source of inspiration to some and a source of controversy to others. Through self-awareness and self-education, Public Enemy believes that blacks can overcome racism and the system of white world supremacy. However their association with the Black Muslim Movement and its anti-semitic leader Louis Farrakhan has often overshadowed the group's pro-black rhetoric.

The media's jumping on statements by Public Enemy's former Minister of Information Professor Griff like "Jews are wicked....(responsible for) a majority of wickedness that goes on across the globe" did little to enhance the groups popularity among Jews, and did much to tarnish the group's image, calling into question the integrity of the group's anti-racist stance.

I had the opportunity to speak with the main lyricist and rapper Chuck D. after an autograph session at Shake Records in Ottawa. I also spoke to backup man Flavour Flav while he was at CKCU-FM and in his chauffeur-driven limosine on the way to Shake Records. Although I spoke to them separately, the answers to questions asked to both bandmembers have been spliced together.

RearGarde: Louis Farrakhan is obviously an inspirational figure to Public Enemy. What do you get from him?

Chuck D.: I get a lot of spiritual uplifting and self-identity from him. He's telling our people what they have to do. This is a system that smacks us up against our head, at least we've got to have some kind of defense, and do for ourselves. Being on your hands and knees and having your hand out and crying and asking for favours is never going to happen in America as far as the black man is concerned. It's all about doing for ourselves, knowing ourselves and networking amongst each other. If everybody was like "hey, here, join our world network," then it should be true equality.

RearGarde: In the song *Party for your right to fight* you say "Word from the honourable Elijah Muhammed/Know what it is to be black." What is it to be black as far as you're concerned?

Chuck D.: To be black is to know that you are something other than white in America... That you've got to be able to see the obstacles in front of you to reach your goals. Now some people don't look at themselves as black, but the whole scheme of things looks at people as being black... this is a standard, saying 'You're still black, and you're going to be judged by it.'

RearGarde: What's going to have to happen in order for the "whole order of things" to change?

Chuck D.: Knowledge of self is very important. I think every black person should know who they are and where they came from. We must teach each other a level of respect so we can be able to respect others and gain respect. We need to know our responsibilities as black men and women, to raise our children right, to be in the mould of being responsible human beings. One goal is to put the black family back together. It's not together now. It was once there, but that got beaten out of us.

RearGarde: How are these changes going to occur in light of the present situation?

Chuck D.: In time... The struggle is to avoid self-destruction. Without struggle there is no progress. I have a job to do, and I have to do the best I can. But no one man can change society. It has to be a collective effort. If we have a collective effort, you're going to see better things pop up.

RearGarde: What is the present status of race

relations as you see it?

Chuck D.: On the top things look equal, but there's a lot of subtle racism going on now, that black people don't see as well as they should. Everybody just fits into the mould of following through on their daily actions which collectively adds up to a racist element which keeps black people back and down by their not noticing it right away. Maybe in the 90s less and less toleration of the subtle racism is going to take place. You tolerate racism less and do more about it by being intelligent and aware, and not getting into drugs and alcohol and all those things which free your mind spirit and soul so you can get macked.

RearGarde: Government is attacked on occasion by Public Enemy in its songs. What is it that bothers you about government?

Chuck D.: Government is a collective effort, belief and idea that has to change. Government is like a car. People come and go, one person is not going to drive the car forever, but someone is always going to be driving the car, and that same car is running us over. You've got to change the car. People say we're the big monster. Well that's alright to be considered the big bad monster against The Big Bad Monster, which is structure, government structure... It's only about being fair. Blacks worked in America 400 years, they ain't got shit today.

RearGarde: What do you think of the American education system?

Chuck D.: Bullshit. I couldn't put it any other way.

RearGarde: Public Enemy have been labelled as pro-black by some and black supremacist by others. What's the difference between the two?

Chuck D.: What's black supremacist? Black power counteracts white world supremacy, but it's only self-defense in order to level shit out.

Flavour Flav: Farrakhan teaches that racism is wrong. I've got a lot of white friends, and half of them are Jewish. And they understand me. I've learned to live with everybody. You know, me, I love everybody. I give my heart to the whole world, and the whole world gives their heart back to me.

RearGarde: Does Public Enemy get it's message across to all people?

Chuck D.: We bring our education to everyone—white kids too. Because they want to know how black people feel. Everyone wants to know how

people are feeling and what they are thinking. It makes relations a lot better. Kids don't want to be like their parents, who were ignorant to the fact that the world is to be shared equal. Kids want to open up and say "Fuck it, black kids is black kids, and I'm a white kid, so what? We hangin' out together."

RearGarde: What is the song *Party for your Right to Fight* all about?

Chuck D.: That song is a dedication to the Black Panther Party, which was a party for our right to fight for our rights.

RearGarde: How would the world have to be for you to be happy with it?

Chuck D.: Truly equal. But I'm talking about something way over my head. The only thing I can look at is for myself and my immediate family, is being the best man I can possibly be, just like you being the best man you can be. That's all I can ask. Because the world is not meant for any one man in particular to have in his particular way. Who cares what one man says? You're going to have good and bad in all colours and shapes, from black and white. There's no such thing as black and white, only white supremacists say that white is pure... there's no such thing. The original man was from Africa. It's really stupid to talk about separation (of black and white). It's only set up by people in power. Historically it's been used to be divisive. Then when you pour religion over it, it just gets worse.

RearGarde: Would you say that religion and

government are the biggest obstacles to change?

Chuck D.: Religion and government are the worst shit. People have different beliefs, but they're still human beings. It's still one God who created this—the same God.

RearGarde: The Simon Wiesenthal Centre recently placed an ad in *The Charlantan*, Carleton University's student newspaper. The ad quoted the interview in *The Washington Times* with Professor Griff claiming that Public Enemy is guilty of bigotry. How do you feel about organized actions like this one?

Chuck D.: They have a right to say what they've got to say. The natural response is to collectively attack a situation which they don't think is in their interest. This is the level black people should be at. You'll see some real shit fly then.

Flavour Flav: I'd just like to say that the reporter who wrote that article, he took that interview with Griff and blew it way out of proportion. He made it look like something it really wasn't. This guy who wrote that article—I really mean this from the bottom of my heart—he's an asshole. He's a money-greedy asshole. He's trying to knock us out of the box, you know what I'm saying? But we're not going to let nothing stop us. My personal belief is this—it took the past to bring the future. A lot of shit happened in that happened in the past, you've got to let that shit stay dead. Because it's tomorrow we've got to worry about. We've got to worry about how we're going to survive for tomorrow. Worrying about the past isn't helping us for tomorrow.

Interview conducted by

Jeremy Miller.



**GROOVY AARDVARK
INFAMOUS BASTURDS
ASEXUALS
THREE O'CLOCK TRAIN
MY DOG POPPER
ALTERNATIVE INUIT
RISE
SHLONK
RIPCORDZ
DEJA VOODOO
FAIL-SAFE
KILLER DUMP
SCUM
HAZY AZURE**

**14 MONTREAL BANDS
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Playlist For November 17-23

LW	TW	ARTIST	ALBUM TITLE	LABEL
4	1	Wonderstuff	Hup!	Polygram
12	2	* Ripchordz	Ripchordz Are God	Og
21	3	Young Fresh Fellows	This One's For The Ladies	Frontier
-	4	Mudhoney	Mudhoney	Sub Pop
-	5	Buthole Surfers	Widowmaker	Touch & Go
-	6	* Spirit Of The West	Old Material 1984-1986	WEA
9	7	Sugarcubes	Here Today, Tomorrow, Next Week	WEA
1	8	* Doughboys	Home Again	Restless/Enigma
8	9	Swans	The Burning World	MCA
7	10	The Jazz Butcher	Big Planet Scary Planet	Polygram
10	11	KMFDM	U A I O E	Wax Trax
3	12	Red Hot Chili Peppers	Mother's Milk	Capitol-EMI
-	13	Michelle Shocked	Captain Swing	Polygram
11	14	The Pastels	Sittin' Pretty	Homestead
17	15	Gavin Friday & Seazer	Each Man Kills The Thing He Loves	Island
18	16	POOSHovel	Opus Lengthemus	Community 3
-	17	* Nomeansno	Wrong	Alt. Tentacles
-	18	House Of Freaks	All My Friends	Rhino
14	19	Young MC	Stone Cold Rhym'n'	Island
26	20	Flour	Flour	Touch & Go
22	21	Soundgarden	Louder Than Love	A&M
6	22	* Tragically Hip	Up To Here	MCA
30	23	Henry Rollins	Short Walk On A Long Pier	Lone Wolf
-	24	My Dad Is Dead	The Teller You Are...	Homestead
-	25	* Bob Wiseman	Sings Wrench Tuttle	WEA
20	26	Ian McCulloch	Candleland	WEA
-	27	Sneetches	He's Frank	Alias
-	28	Mighty Lemon Drops	Laughter	WEA
2	29	Jesus & Mary Chain	Automatic	WEA
19	30	Joe Strummer	Earthquake Weather	CBS

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CHMA FM HOT 30 FOR THE PERIOD OF OCTOBER 28th - NOVEMBER 10th , 1989

<u>ARTIST</u>	<u>TITLE</u>	<u>LABEL</u>
✓ The Grapes Of Wrath *	Now And Again	Capitol
The Tragically Hip *	Up To Here	MCA
✓ Chalk Circle *	As The Crow Flies	Duke Street
Monuments Galore *	Monuments Galore	Eureka
NEO A4 *	The Hard Way	Duke Street
The River Detectives	Saturday Night, Sunday Morning	WEA
Jane Siberry *	Bound By The Beauty	Duke Street
✓ Ripchordz *	Ripchordz Are Go !	OG Records
Ray Lyell & The Storm *	Ray Lyell & The Storm	Spy Records
Dancespeak *	The Necessary Illusion (12")	Intrepid
Bruno Gerussi's Medallion *	In Search Of The Fourth Chord	WEA
Bob Wiseman *	In Her Dream	Risque Disque
54.40 *	Fight For Love	Reprise
Picture Comes To Life *	Picture Comes To Life	Cesspool Records
Ajo & The Hungrey Boys *	Ride An Elephant	Edit Records
✓ Blue Rodeo *	Diamond Mine	Risque Disque
Paradox *	Paradox	MCA
Eric Anderson	Ghosts Upon The Road	Alert
Hoodoo Gurus	Magnum Cum Louder	RCA
✓ The Alarm	Change	I.R.S.
Underworld	Change The Weather	Sire
Goodbye Mr. MacKenzie	Good Deeds And Dirty Rags	Capitol
✓ It Came From Canada *	It Came From Canada Vol. 5	OG Records
✓ Razorbacks *	Live A Little	WEA
The Men They Couldn't Hang	Silver Town	Silvertone
Pere Ubu	Cloudland	Pontana
Hit The Ground Runnin' *	Sudden Impact	Autograph
Pogues	Peace And Love	Island
Red Flag	Naive Art	Enigma
Adrien Belew	Mr. Music Head	Atlantic

* Canadian Artist/Group

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FM88-CJSR PLAYLIST FOR THE WEEK ENDING NOVEMBER 1, 1989

TW	LW	WO	ARTIST	ALBUM	LABEL/DISTRIBUTION/ORIGIN
1	1	4	BOB DYLAN	Oh, Mercy	Columbia/CBS/US
2	12	3	RED HOT CHILI PEPPERS	Mother's Milk	EMI/Capitol/US
3	28	2	FAITH NOLAN	Freedom to Love	Aural Tradition/CC
4	7	2	SPIRIT OF THE WEST	Old Material 1984-1986	Stony Plain/CC
5	21	2	RIPCORDZ	Ripcordz Are Go!	Og/CC
6	-	1	KATE BUSH	The Sensual World	Capitol/EMI/UK
7	13	2	YOUNG MC	Stone Cold Rhym'n'	Island/MCA/US
8	-	1	MIGHTY LEMON DROPS	Laughter	Sire/WEA/UK
9	27	2	MICHEL COTE	MFC Bruire	Ambiances Magnetiques/CC
10	4	5	JANE SIBERRY	Bound By the Beauty	Duke Street/CC
11	17	12	GRAPES OF WRATH	Now and Again	Nettwerk/Capitol/CC
12	23	5	VARIOUS ARTISTS	New Beat r/Evolution	Nettwerk/Capitol/Int'l
13	31	4	BLUE RODEO	Diamond Mine	WEA/CC
14	14	10	ASEXUALS	Dish	Cargo/CC
15	8	3	KINGS OF WYOMING	Self - Titled	Community 3/US
16	2	8	VARIOUS ARTISTS	It Came from Canada #5	Og/CC
17	-	1	VARIOUS ARTISTS	On Garde	Cargo/CC
18	-	1	PASTELS	Sittin' Pretty	Homestead/Dutch East/UK
19	37	2	IAN MCCULLOCH	Candleland	WEA/UK
20	10	5	DOUGHBOYS	Home Again	Restless/CC
21	RE 3		SHELLEYAN ORPHAN	Century Flower	Columbia/CBS/UK
22	-	1	JOANNE BRACKEEN	Fifi Goes to Heaven	Concord/US
23	-	1	RORY MCLEOD	Footsteps and Heartbeats	Cooking Vinyl/UK
24	RE 3		RAZORBACKS	Live a Little	WEA/CC
25	22	6	THROWING MUSES	Hunkpapa	Sire/WEA/US
26	6	4	SCUNGARDEN	Louder than Love	A & M/US
27	RE 3		JOHN ZORN	Spy vs. Spy	Elektra/WEA/US
28	40	9	GLEN MEADMORE	Squaw Bread	Amoeba/CC
29	RE 3		JAMES MCMURTRY	Too Long in the Wasteland	Columbia/CBS/US
30	RE 5		BUFFALO TOM	Self - Titled	SST/Cargo/US
31	35	2	ERIC ANDERSEN	Ghosts Upon the Road	Alert/US
32	34	5	JACK DEJOHNETTE	Zebra	MCA/US
33	9	5	MY DAD IS DEAD	The Taller You Are...	Homestead/Dutch East/US
34	20	8	YOUSOU N'DOUR	The Lion	Virgin/Senegal
35	-	1	EXENE CERVENKA	Old Wives Tales	Rhino/US
36	RE 3		TROTSKY ICEPICK	El Kabong	SST/US
37	5	9	MECCA NORMAL	Calico Kills the Cat	K/CC
38	24	7	SWANS	The Burning World	Uni/MCA/US
39	11	6	TRAGICALLY HIP	Up to Here	MCA/CC
40	15	11	54-40	Fight for Love	Reprise/WEA/CC

- compiled by Glenn Drexhage
Music Director

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.../2

SCREAM

21

PHOTO: Rula

(This one's from deep in the archives—like six months ago or something. Anyone who wants to bug us about publishing out-of-date interviews can take a valium, realize that the band probably hasn't changed all that much in that time, and can piss off and read Rolling Stone instead—Sincerely, ed.)

Okay so I wanted to see this show, and although I'd never listened to **Scream** before, I wanted to go after hearing how good they are. I even decided to interview them, but they were too tired to say much or even answer half the questions I had wanted to ask. Sorry if I fuck up the names of who said what. First it should be mentioned that the show was very good.

Lizard opened before a crowd of about ten people. They were good and loud, but started way too early. **Bliss** followed and they were good as well. I guess they are what executives would call a well-functioning collective unit. **Scream** went on soon after **Bliss**, and ripped through an average length set. They kept getting called back for encores, including *Ballroom Blitz* to close the show. I'm glad I went, it was a great show.

RearGarde: Why did you choose the name **Scream**?

Pete (singer): Well at first practice we ever had, Skeeter (bass player on leave from the band) kicked me

in the balls... and then I went outside, and all these motherfuckers were selling crack on the street... I went to the 7-11 store and there was tons of fuckin' people loitering all over the place, trying to start fights with me, so I went home and turned on the T.V. and the news came on... I couldn't deal with that, you know?

RearGarde: So you're sort of screaming at what's going on around you?

Pete: Yeah, well... It's just a feeling, it's not just us you know? It's just a fucking name.

RearGarde: What's the Washington D.C. scene like?

Pete: We're not really into the scene type of thing, you know? We never really have, so you'll have to ask someone else 'cause we really don't hang out in the scene, *per se*. To me it's just music, you know? That's just what it is. The scene in D.C. is great. Lots of cool jazz groups and blues groups...

RearGarde: So how do you like Montreal?

Pete: I love it. Very cosmopolitan city. Lots of different ethnic groups, lots of things going on and a lot of pretty girls and good beer. Lots of hash. It reminds me of Europe. I like it and this place (Foufounes) is pretty cool.

RearGarde: How long are you in town for?

Pete: Just tonight. We just finished a tour of the States and western Canada. We just came back for a

weekend* to play Montreal and Toronto.

RearGarde: How was your tour? Musically or socially successful, or...

Pete: You always feel down after a tour because you put so much into it. For the band and yourself. When you come home you're drained. It's an experience. That's what life is all about.

RearGarde: How long have you been in the band?

Pete: Uhh... I've lost track after the last album...

RearGarde: About five years or...

Pete: A little bit longer than that... I don't think about time. I think day-to-day. We've been around since before hardcore, before it was labelled hardcore.

RearGarde: You don't consider yourselves hardcore though. It's probably better not to label or restrict yourself to one kind of music.

Pete: Music should be so regimented and boring. You should try to have fun. **Pete:** We try to say our peace, try to stay in touch with the ground.

RearGarde: What did you think of tonight's opening bands?

Pete: I really only watched the first band (**Lizard**). They were kind of metalish... They were good. The singer has good screams for such a big guy. The guitar player was good. They all had cool hair, except for the singer (singer Dean has no hair to speak of) and no hair's cool too. I listened to the second band (**Bliss**) while they were preparing. They sounded unique, pretty good.

RearGarde: What do you consider to be your musical influences?

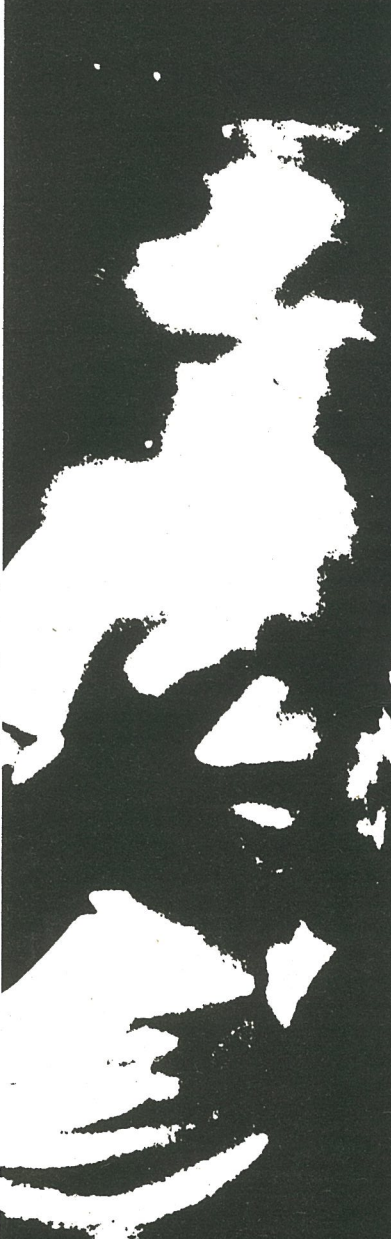
Pete: Life in general. Our favorite bands are... (too many to mention)

RearGarde: Do you think music should incorporate politics?

Pete: To me, politics is a part of life. I think it's natural to sing about what you think about.

RearGarde: Some bands seem to get a lot of unwarranted shit for being too political.

Pete: We do too. We want to have a good time, but also want to incorporate more.



At this point the singer started talking to someone else, so I went after James H. Robbins, the substitute bass player formerly of *Government Issue*, and guitarist Franz.

RearGarde: Do you think music should incorporate politics?

James: Everything is political in a sense really. I choose not to eat meat; that's a political statement. For me personally to play in a band there has to be a certain element of

consciousness.

RearGarde: How many records do you have out and how did you get signed?

Franz: We have six records out. Four on Dischord, another is on Ross Records. We also put out a live album about a year ago. It's on a Dutch label. We're not on Ross anymore, we're labelless.

RearGarde: If you were a bumper sticker what would it say?

Franz: Mother Crunch...

David (drums): It only takes one nuclear bomb to ruin your whole day.

James: I would be a **Ruts** (old English punk band) bumper sticker.

RearGarde: What flavor of ice cream would you be?

Franz: That's a stupid question. I hate fuckin' ice cream.

James: I'd be a multi-colored sherbet.

David: Rocky road, because it's the kick-ass ice cream. Every chocolate lover eats it. Or bubble gum because you're still chewing it when you're finished. I like ice cream with things in it.

Pete: At the moment I'd be sweat flavored.

RearGarde: What would you never want to be in a band?

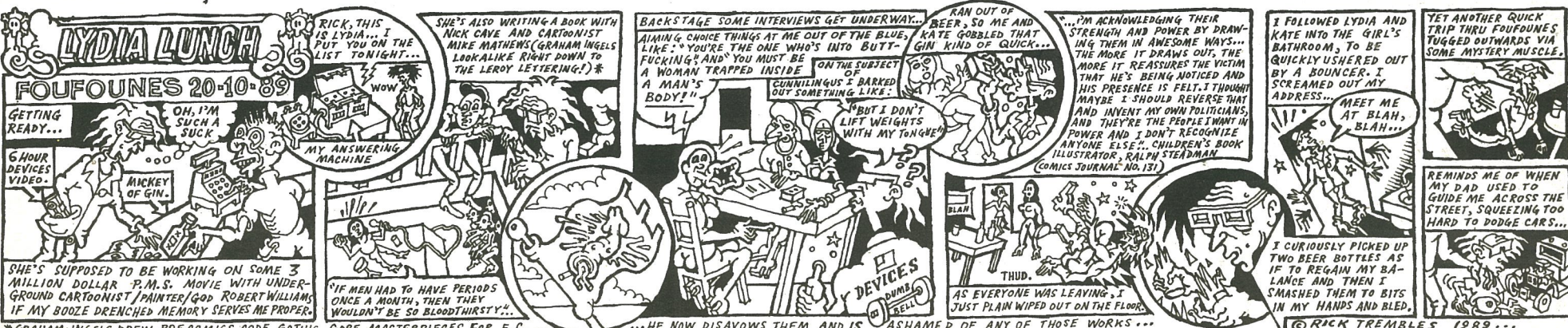
James: I wouldn't want to be in a band with racist overtones.

David: I'd never want to quit.

Pete: I'd never want to break up. Or grow old.

Interview conducted by Erik Twilight.

ROCK MONASTERY



BY RICK TREMBLES

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Xentrix, *Shattered Existence*

Who the hell are Xentrix? I usually pride myself in keeping pretty up to date on up and coming bands in the realm of metal. Wait a minute they're from England. No wonder... for some reason the country that is responsible for many of the bands credited with starting what today is known as 'heavy metal' can't seem to produce any decent bands anymore. All we ever seem to get from the other side of the pond is cheese noise from bands like **Napalm Death** or the endless barrage of former punk bands who discover styling gel. I mean look what happened to **Discharge** for chrissakes. Up until now **Motorhead** was the UK's only saving grace in the eighties. Xentrix are hopefully going to change all that. I must admit that I'm pretty tired of the endless string of bands trying to be like... you know 'em, Slayer and Metallica. While *Shattered Existence* certainly does owe plenty to these bands it manages to hold on as a damn good album on its own. The singer sings in much the same style as Chuck Billy from the San Francisco band **Testament**. Great song arrangements throughout and top notch production make *Shattered Existence* well worth looking for. If you're getting bored waiting for the next Slayer or Metallica albums, pick this one up. (RC Records 225 Lafayette Street, Suite 709 New York, N.Y., USA 10012)

John Coinner

Dirty Looks, *Turn of the Screw*

This is the second release from these Philadelphia **Guns n' Roses** wannabe's. While their first album was heavily influenced by AC/DC they seem to be going for more of an **Aerosmith** sound this time. That's not all bad except it doesn't seem to work as well as last time. There's not really too much to be said. It's pretty good, but not great. For Power Hour fans only. (WEA)

John Coinner

Sloppy Seconds, *Destroyed*

To fully appreciate the title of this album you have to see the cover art. Needless to say where they got the idea for this concept but if you don't know, go look for yourself. Definitely my vote for best album cover of the year. As for what's inside, it's no less impressive. I seem to have gotten stuck with reviewing a lot of cheese lately so you'll excuse me if I go a bit overboard on this band. A classic. To quote The Red Hot Chili Peppers: "A punk rock classic." **The Ramones**, **New York Dolls**, **Dead Boys** will all come to mind when you listen to greats like *Janie is a Nazi* and *Traci Come Back*. The latter is a plea for celebrated porn star **Traci Lords** to come out of retirement. And *So Fucked Up* will warm the hearts of anyone who has ever clung to a toilet bowl promising God (or whomever) that they'll never drink again. The whole album is chock full of great singalong choruses that will have you humming all the way to Rockaway Beach. Now I remember why my parents think I'm weird. (*Toxic Shock* Box 43787 Tucson, Arizona, USA 85733)

John "I like punk" Coinner

Big Daddy Kane, *It's a Big Daddy Thing* I love rap. So what? Yeah, so what. Well at times I just don't know what it is about that I find so exciting. But apparently I'm not alone because these rap guys seem to be able to sell hundreds of thousands of albums without very much acceptance from commercial radio. This follow up to B.D.K.'s immensely popular debut *Long Live The Kane* is sure to be no exception. Packed with fifteen songs (the cassette and C.D.s contain two bonus tracks including a live version of *The Wrath of Kane* recorded before a hysterical crowd at New York's legendary Apollo Theater). *It's a Big Daddy Thing* is a refreshing change from the **Tone Loc** style commercial crap rap that many rappers seem to be turning to. And while **Big Daddy Kane** does have a milder side on some tracks, especially on the sappy LL Cool J style rap ballad *To Be Your Man*, this

album is comprised mostly of harder nasty stuff like *Pimpin' ain't Easy* and *Calling Mr. Welfare*. The humor in the lyrics add to the enjoyment, and there's a line in the aforementioned *Pimpin' Ain't Easy* that has to be one of the classic sexual boasts of all time. (*Cold Chillin'* 1966 Broadway New York, N.Y., USA 10023)

John Coinner

The Steppes, *Inquire Within*

I'm very open-minded so I didn't let the banal name of this group obscure my objectivity. But this album is banal. Some of the tunes are OK but marred by whiny vocals. Other songs seem like the band is trying to include all their influences in one song. There's some good guitar work here and I do like a couple of songs but in general I can't say I like the album. (*BOMP Records*, P.O. Box 7112, Burbank, CA, USA 91505).

Zippy

Treat Her Right, *Tied to the Tracks*

They must be running out of names for bands these days... anyway... *Treat Her Right* is an alternative-type blues-oriented band. Some good, tough tracks here with great harmonica and serious vocals. Very fresh attitude towards the blues, that also includes some rock 'n' roll and folksy stuff, but basically it's grinding blues. I don't like every song on the thing but in general I think it's a good record (*BMG/RCA*).

Zippy



Ripcordz, *Ripcordz are Go(d)!*

Despite the punk overtones of this band and their hardcore look and thrash audience, the **Ripcordz** are primarily a rock 'n' roll band. And their first album release is a fine slab o' rock 'n' roll vinyl. Twelve of the 14 songs are originals and all are interesting and diverse within the ol' three chord format. The lyrics are thoughtful, sometimes political and usually humorous. The vocals are, well, let's just say they defy description, though the most accurate I've heard is "snarling pitbull". Low point: a lethargic cover of the **Adverts'** *Gary Gilmore's Eyes* which the 'cordz usually tear apart live. High point: *Elvis Death Cult* is destined to become an underground classic. A welcome addition to the Montreal scene (*Og Music*, P.O. Box 182, Station F, Montreal, Quebec H3J 2L1).

Zippy

Devastation, *Signs of Life*

There are lots of signs of life on this album. Total speedmetal mania with superfast screamin guitar leads. Damn fine musicians but there's really nothing that sets them apart from the ever-growing legions of speedmetal bands. (*Combat/Relativity*).

Zippy

Forbidden, *Raw Evil-Live at the Dynamo*

This EP is definitely raw and evil. It's one crazy blast of rabid metal. But I'm not big on the singer's screaming falsetto voice and the mix seems totally convoluted. This album is just too overbearing and noisy of an onslaught for me. (*Combat/Relativity*).

Zippy

F.O.D., "23"

No less than 17 cuts on this platter of action-packed vinyl. The band states on the cover that these are punk anthems, but thankfully it's no retro-bullshit. The songs are just way

too fast and thrashy. Whether F.O.D. likes it or not, this album is pretty much straight-ahead hardcore. More in common wqith **D.R.I.** than any punk band I've heard. They've got a sense of humour (liner notes), funny lyrics (the few that I can decipher) and boundless energy. Good rockin album! (*Buy Our Records Inc.*, PO Box 363 Vauxhall N.J., USA 07088).

Zippy

The Gear, *In the New Hitsville*

Four-song EP of punky/poppy fun stuff. Catchy beat, good hooks. Lyrics are the strong point here (check out *Get Twisted*). Sorta sounds like **Replacements** meet **Dylan**. I'd say it's worth full LP release (*Chocolate Mustache Records*, 3119 Stolzenfeld, Warren, Mi., USA 48091).

Zippy

The Hangman's Beautiful Daughters

Firstly, I should mention that the only female in this band of "daughters" is the singer. Secondly, I should say that the music here is retro-psychedelia. Nothing really jumped out of these flowery grooves the first time I listened to it. However, several more listens (at louder volume) revealed good song arrangements, warm, semi-haunting vocals, some heavy guitar licks and even a couple of rockin tunes. A fairly mellow album, not totally original-sounding, but I ended up liking at least half the tunes (*BOMP Records*, PO Box 7112, Burbank Ca., USA 91510).

Zippy

My Dad is Dead, *The Taller You Are the Shorter You Get*

A creatively ambitious two-record set and one of my candidates for most interesting album of '89. **MDID** is really just one guy, Mark Edwards, and his achievement here is one to be highly commended. The sound is post-industrial melancholy, stark and haunting. Although very original sounding, at times it reminds me of **Sonic Youth**, **Velvet Underground**, and even **Joy Division**. Most of the tunes are sparsely arranged, acoustic numbers with strange and twisted, surreal lyrics. One side has some more uptempo, multi-instrumental tracks that ooze and grind outta the grooves like a toxic monster. **MDID** has created a powerful record, eerie in its simplicity and remarkably unpretentious (*Homestead Records/Dutch East India Trading*, PO Box 800, Rockville Centre, NY, 11571-0800).

Zippy

Bad Brains, *Quickness*

Words are so hard to explain when I try to describe the music these professional dreds play. Although it's been three years now since **Bad Brains** released a studio album, my expectations were simply blown fucking over as my long wait has come to an end. The music definitely has a power influence to it but the songs come out to be very unique and structured. Production-wise, this album has been mastered very well with excellent sound quality. The vocals blend in so perfectly with the music which varies from track to track. From the heaviness of *Voyage into Infinity* to the uplifting flow of *The Prophet's Eye*, there exists a huge difference in musical styles. And no, Paul, this new album does not sound like the **Rolling Stones** like you said the **Brains'** last album! *Against I did!!* The album ends off with an expected short but sweet "endtro". (Almost as sweet as the preserved plants of Jah.) A highly recommended piece of music indeed!! (*Caroline Records*, 114 West 26th Street, NY, NY, USA 10001.)

Taj Bedi

Soundgarden, *Louder Than Love*

I often take chances when I look for new music. The new album by **Soundgarden** is one chance I took but I definitely don't regret taking it. My curiosity for this band made me buy their album. After I gave the music a listen, I couldn't complain. This band is doing something very different and



original. This type of music would be expected to be played by a typical 55 mph band. The difference with the way these guys conquer their music is that they use their powerful loud and droning instruments at a slower pace. It's like seeing the difference between music played at 75 rpm (like most typical metal bands do) and at 20 rpm like **Soundgarden** does. Their music can get bluesy at some points or sometimes the music is so strange and bizarre, it's almost psychotic. In my personal opinion, this album, along with the new **Bad Brains** masterpiece, are two of the best productions released in a rather long while. (*A&M Records*)

Taj Bedi

Janet Jackson, *Rhythm Nation 1814*

"INSTANT SOCIAL DEATH", warned that **Blake Cheetah** thing. Ah, fukyazall... the girl is HOT!! With masters **Jimmy Jam & Terry Lewis** by her side, **Little Ms Jackson**'s got the freshest funkier disc around these days. So what if **Jam & Lewis** co-wrote most of the songs?! That can only help... the single *Miss You Much* isn't the highlight of the album—check out *Alright*, *Escapade*, and the **Van Halen**ish solos on *Black Cat* on side two. Word is that **Heavy D & the Boyz** are helping out on the *Alright* remix. Give in to mass marketing, hype and promotion... a most righteous funk album from **Mikey's** little clone. (*A&M Records*)

Lorrie

Ice T, *Lethal Weapon b/w Heartbeat*

This track is the best damn rap tune out this fall. Bounce til yer titts fall off!! Tellin' us his lethal weapon's his mind, get outta that violence thang, wonder what his most curvaceous wife thinks of his weapon, mmmm yessir! (*Sire import*)

Lorrie

House of Large Sizes, *One Big Cake*

Sorry dudes, **Georgia Satellites** on skag, or something like that. No fun anywhere. **Bogosity** au bout. (*Toxic Shock Records*, Box 43787, Tucson, AZ, USA 85733)

Lorrie

Batfish, *Batfish Brew*

I dunno what to say about this one... slow old fart rock and roll. I don't like it. I think they made this record just so they could pretend that they had their own kind of beer. No, I didn't listen to much of it cuz it wasn't worth the battery power. (*Restless Records*, Culver City, CA, USA 90231-3628)

Lorrie

Schooly D., *Am I Black Enough For You?*

The title of the new **Schooly D.** LP poses a question. Here's another one: why is the man who made this landmark record not on

the cover of any of the so-called "important" music magazines? Forget black music this, and black muysic that, forget the colour wheel for a second. *Am I Black Enough For You?* is my favorite LP of the year so far. As much as this release is **Schooly D.**'s unconscious mind writ large (in all its ugliness), the music is one motherfucking groove from the beginning to end. The original gangster of rap has refined his sound to the point where he now pays no heed to trends, **BPM's**, and agendas, 'cause he's found the key to timelessness, just like **James Brown** and **Sly and The Family Stone** did before him. Check out the title track for proof. You may be waiting for the new **Public Enemy** LP to come out before making another rap purchase. Don't. The ultimate mofo party plan must include the new **Red Hot Chili Peppers** and **Schooly D.** releases. (*Jive/BMG*)

Bob McCarthy



Absolute Whores, *Absolute Whores*

The whores are kind of a *laissez-faire* type of band. Like, "Laissez me alone, I'll do whatever the hell I want." Like their name. Like their music. This LP is a follow-up to their *I'm An Asshole For Your Love* single—the only 45 ever to get a '10' in our **For Singles Only** column. The album follows with more of their fuck-off-and-country attitude. Some **Real country** songs like the opening *Born in '65* reveal the band has **Real talent**, but the rest show they don't usually want to use it. Good thing, too. Fast enough to make urban cowboys uncomfy in their **Gucci boots**, raunchy enough to exile them from **Toronto's Queen Street**, and fun enough to keep **People Who Wear Black** at a comfortable distance. Good straight-ahead dumba rawkinrole. (*Whoresongs Productions*, 275 King Street East, suite 280, Toronto, Ontario M5A 1K8).

Paul Gott

The Only Ones, *Live in London*

You shoulda seen my eyeballs pop outta my skull when I got a look at this baby. I just love that pure pop, unabashed girl worshipping stuff from late seventies Britain, and the **Only Ones** were the head hookers in that

A LITTLE UNDERCOVER WORK



by BURNT BARFETT

She'll suck your heart like a sponge and when it's dry, red, brittle, so you've nothing left but pierced steel shards of memory. The only cure is to watch her go full circle - twist like a coward - pull a child between her breast and bullets - watch her desperate claws grab and clasp onto the closest thing while you fall she'll suck

...suck
...suck
...like a newborn.
...sucks.

©Leonard Woolf

Congratulations Leonard! You've just won yourself a free RearGarde t-shirt. Leonard is the winner of last week's "bad poetry" contest. If you'd like to be this week's winner read on.

I would like to announce the second ever RearGarde t-shirt contest. Prepare yourself for one of the most exciting events in human history. One that revolves around great courage, stamina, creativity and you won't pay a cent until 1990. However, I should warn you that the whole thing is simply a desperate attempt by yours truly to get letters. But I promise I'll do my best to cleverly disguise it as a secret orgiastic ritual that has existed since the birth of mankind and that only certain people in certain places know about. Pretty cool. Huh. Or is it Pretty cool, huh. (Acutually, it's 'Pretty cool, huh?'—ed.)

But wait—before you go getting all excited and start babbling to your hypocritical, self-important, power-hungry, psuedo vegetarian, trust-fund-lefty, teenage, attention-starved, breast-feeding friends, here's the rules:

There are basically two ways to win this contest just like there are two sides to every argument, two oars in every row boat, two speakers to every stereo and two universes.

...Trust me, I've seen both of them.

The first way is to buy a postcard and write down (on the postcard) the most creative method to execute your neighbor's dog... The kind of big floppy-assed sagging mutt that clambors around like a drunk penguin with a hot lightbulb up its ass dogmatically barking at everything in its limited field of vision. Sound familiar?

The other way to win is to write an eight-page essay comparing and contrasting the feeling of wateriness in Kafka's *The Judgement* with the *Niagra Falls Picture Book for Shut-ins*. You might have a hard time getting your hands on the latter since only four were printed and they all belong to an obscure but well-dressed Polish writer now living somewhere in the Yukon Territories.

Remember there is no right answer—only the most creative! Send your answer or answers to "BURNT's Delete the Pooch Contest", c/o RearGarde P.O. Box 1421, Station H, Montreal, Quebec, H3G 2N4. Then just sit back and maybe you'll be the winner of a totally cool RearGarde t-shirt. You can stop reading now, it's back to the regularly scheduled schlock...

Every night millions of people curl up into their individual heavens and hells. Driven into worlds of unreality by the most savage master of their bedrooms—sleep. The world of illusive unreality, deathless life and big bugs that spit tiny red violins at horses with no legs squirming in a wet desert. Sound familiar?

The world of dreams is a haphazard frankenstein world. It has existed for hundreds of thousands of years and has evolved and changed with the needs of mankind.

Everybody dreams for different reasons; some to sort through deep rooted emotional problems (however, some people suffer from incurable psychological problems that could not be cured by any amount of sleep), others to release every day tension and still there are those who dream because they just don't know what the hell else to do when they're sleeping.

For me dreaming remains one of the most celebrated forms of living. My dreams are of equal if not more value to me. In fact, there have been times (pretty recently in fact) when those inhabiting my world of reverie have been more believable than some of the useless pieces of human sod that inhabit this earth. If fact I would even venture to say that I actually have more friends in my dream world than here. The shitty thing about it is that it's really hard to get a letter out there and a phone call to the dream world just too goddam expensive.

There's no one on this planet except for maybe Timothy Leary who could honestly say, "I have never dreamt." And if you did have the gaul to say it, how would you explain those wet spots on the sheets.

The theories that surround dreams and dreaming are as endless as my bar tab at Quasimodo. I believe I once said, "To dream is to be human." Unfortunately I was alone at the time so nobody heard me and bothered to scribble it down.

It's about time that somebody debunked the myths about dreaming. First of all this whole symbol thing really pisses me off. When I dream about taking Ronald Reagan out on a tuna boat it's not because I have an unfulfilled sex life (even though I always have). It's merely my brain trying to construct some order in all of the garbage that rushes through it.

That soft murky lump bobbing in the liquid of your skull spends the better part of each day scared shitless. It sits in limbo, bombarded by signals from every part of your body. And when I say every part I mean Every part!

Check out the Trilobites album called, I can't wait for the summer to end. The cover depicts a colorful beach party of death. People are eaten by sharks, maimed with surfboards, beaten up, shot, stabbed by beach umbrellas etc. Blood and suntan oil rule, dudes! Depending of your view of life this would most probably be see as a nightmare.

Well that's it for me! Remember the contest and stay tuned for next months column where you'll be treated to the rest of this month's column and that long awaited conclusion to The Rock 'n Roll Bar-B-Q (that Paul's been waiting with stinking bated breath.)

Bye Folks!

department. So it's with utter disappointment that I can't flip over this one. It's got all the classics—*Trouble in the World*, *Another Girl Another Planet*—but they're muddled and ordinary done up live. Guess pure pop is meant to stay securely behind studio doors. Pick any other compilation, the dynamics are worthy. (Skyclad)

John Sekerka

Camper Van Beethoven, Key Lime Pie
The only thing that is consistant about Camper Van Beethoven's 5th album is the quality of the production. Once again, as with their last album, Dennis Herring manages to maintain the raw/nervous energy of the band whilst still having a great sound to it all. The songs themselves, however, vary in their quality from the deadly boring country/pop of *Sweethearts*, to the wonderful *The Humid Press of the Days*. But for the main part its worth waiting out the bad stuff to get to the good like *Opening Theme*, *Jack Ruby* and even *Pictures of Matchstick Men*, though I normally don't approve of covers. Lyricly the album is as demented as ever; "I'm dreaming of the light in your haed because you move like a train." I've saved the best thing until last; the violin work alone is worth the price of the record. (Virgin/A&M).

Will Richards!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Jonathan Richman,

Just Jonathan (save one track), and the lack of accompaniment is a definite bonus. Here's a man meant to work alone, and frankly, to be left alone. This is another side trip into Jonathan's little universe. An annual aural vacation that manages to hit the spot more often than not. Feelin' blue? Feelin' lonely? Feelin' old? Yeah me too. But Jonathan brings me warmth in these bitter winter months. Dunno how he does it, but I know he does it. Be prepared to grin and bear it. (Stony Plain/WEA)

John Sekerka

Various Artists, The Song Retains the Name
The Led Zep tribute LP you've been hearin' about, but not in enough detail damn it. So here's a song by song run-down: *Black Dog* by a bunch of rapping dickheads. Inane and worthless. *Living Loving Maid*: a rockabilly version by Rick Hardesty and the Del Rays. Okay but lacks zing. *Down By The Seaside*: turned way down Cocteau Twins style. Picks way up at end to really confuse matters. Next. *Good Times Bad Times*: terrific rendition by the Dalai Lamas. Sorta Pop Will Eat Itself-ish, but more restrained. *Four Sticks*: grassroots pickin' version by the Earwigs with a tad of sax. Lovely. *Immigrant Song*: thrashy version but not unlike the original. Side 2: *In the Evening*: slow, gutsy, and twangy by Twice Shy. Dynamite. *No Quarter*: very percussive but a bit of a disappointment 'cause I love I Love Ethyl. *What is and What Should Never Be*: lotsa guitars. Hmmm. Undecided. *Houses of the Holy*: too much like the original. *Rock and Roll*: OOOOOOOOOOOO, well worth the wait. The Tent Poles take us up the crick to their still, while they strum, clank, and grunt their way through this viscous version which I never really took to before. Izzat a wash-board I hear? YAS! (Attic)

John Sekerka

Laibach, EP

This new 12" let's us feel the free ferocity of their sound served with the sound of silence making themselves taste like Blue cheese. Olfactive quiet truces here and there are swept away with the high velocity turmoil of violent and tragic expressionism. The beat and the vocals are the core of speed. No more laments, but reoriented like Monty's Neoism or like the music of Berlin's underside. It's up to you to discover this new feeling that Laibach drives toward on this record. It's more music than their old aggression. (WaxTrax, 1659 N. Damen Ave., Chicago, Ill, USA 60647).

Bery

Loudon Wainwright III, Therapy

Folk Pola? Polka Folk? Folk Polking West? Polka Westing? Westolafolk? Fucking Folk that smells west of Polka! Guitar-sax-piano-drums-bass and Steel Guitar got their company with accordian-banjo-harmonica-fiddle-double pedal mower bass, and the occasional polite horn fart. (How did they fit all those things into the studio? Must've been crowded—ed.) It makes me think of sewing machines spinning yowling vocals over vocals mixed into marimbas and more vocals complementing yet other vocals sung on the stone walls by the green green grass of IRA country. I think they were in New Brunswick in the late 70's doing the lumberjack log cabin circuit during the long winter nights, keeping the folks entertained during their drinking contests, moonshine tasting nights and square dance competitions. Drink and tap to these toons. (Silverstone Records/BMG)

Bery

Pankow, Freedom For Slaves

Adrian Sherwood mix, another legend in the making. Excellent skinbeat tracks for BarsIndustryDancing with large cover charges for tourists from the 'burbs. Tracks slip through your ears like pop does to mom when she's pneumatic—nothing fresher, nothing slicker. Excellent sampling-delayed-effexed LP with a living soul. A bit more graceful than Sherwood's other output, a green light for collectors and trend-chasers both. A wild and fun nowhere encounter. (WaxTrax, 1659 N. Damen Ave., Chicago, Ill. USA 60647).

Bery

Sepultura, Beneath the Remains

Listening to Supultur's third album was like being emeshed with a Faulknerian feeling for the brutal violence that can be at the heart of an inbred small town. This album, then, is the true follow-up to Slayer's 1986 release *Reign in Blood*. Their first release, *Morbid Visions*, introduced the name; their second, *Shizophrenia*, established a somewhat cultish following; and *Beneath the Remains* should have them becoming a household name, which isn't such a bad thing. The album has all the essential, intense riffing in the Kreator mold, thunderous footwork for all double bass types, and a well-crafted, doom-laden vocalist who spits words out like you or I would to get rid of a bad taste. This is a working man's thrash band, what more could you ask for? If not go back to your Iron Maiden where you belong... poseur. (Road Runner Records)

New Republican

Liona Boyd, Christmas Dreams

Blake Cheetah Fools Inc. Presents "Meet the Critics" a helpful guide to the neo-Aristotelian school of close textural analysis and the Allen Thicke Haters of America United: Here are the lyrics to the title track, written by "The first permed wombat of the guitar" Liona Boyd. "Christmas dreams are like rainbows, the magic that slowly appears, and special feelings fill our hearts with joy throughout the years. So sleep on all you children, in the distant land of dreams, for every race, each smiling face, will learn what Christmas means. Christmas dreams are like embers that glow in the dark winter night, a gentle flame that only through the spirit of love will light. Christmas dreams are like sunrise, the birth of a beautiful day, visions of a newborn world, awakening today." Hark, what doth ye villagers and countrymen say, let us purchase a live squid and deliver it unto Liona for Christmas day.

Farley Cheetah (the embarrassment of the family)

Tracy Chapman, Crossroads

Blake Cheetah Fools Inc. Presents "Meet the Critics" A helpful guide to the new post-Potsie revisionary dadaists school of pre-Socratic Greek paradox in post-modern music: Raoul was pure anarchy through and through. He kept his goldfish in a bowl of

sand and sold pink fiberglass insulation to handicapped kids who thought it to be cotton candy. He often went to pharmacies to poke pins through packs of condoms. He told businessmen he was a communist, he told communists he was a fascist, and he told fascists he was a black jew. He spoke english to french people and swahili to Greeks. He wore costumes 364 days a year and dressed-up like Bobby Orr on Halloween. He learned to pee through his ass and crap when he came. (He wore his underwear on the outside.) He waited at bus stops but never got on. This confused many a driver. Raoul does not like this record. (Some big label)

Joey the Beekeeper Boy,

his latest work of non-fiction, 101

Reasons Why Being Blake Cheetah's Neighbor Doesn't Suck, will be published this spring by Random House.

Wrathchild America, Climbin' the Walls

Not to be confused with the bullshit, poser, U.K. Wrathchild, Wrathchild America have emerged with quite an impressive debut disc. Hailing from Maryland, the quintet mix a sound which is kind of like a cross between Iron Maiden and AC/DC. Songs like *London After Midnight* and *Day of the Thunder* demonstrate well thought up lyrics and heavy, driving riffs. And for a change of pace they do an amazing cover of the Pink Floyd song *Time* just to play around with your head. *Climbin' the Walls* is definitely worth the money. And just for the record, I spent an hour aboard the Wrathchild tour bus with their drummer Shannon Larkin on the day of the concert and he is one of the nicest guys you could ever want to meet. (WEA)

Leigh Hasan

Dark Angel, Leave Scars

Dark Angel has returned with a disc that might well be labeled the heaviest album released this year. Having said that I must point out that being the heaviest album does not necessarily make it the best album. To say the least Dark Angel has room for growth. Brand new singer Ron Reinhart has added some texture to the music with his throaty rasp, but the songs on this album desperately need some fine tuning. Lyricist Gene Hoglan does an excellent job getting his ideas across. The song topics deal with the nightmares of suicide, child molesting, paranoia, and self-hatred. Tracks such as *The Promise of Agony* and *The Death of Innocence* demonstrate extreme intelligence and articulation lyric wise but as far as the music goes, it really has nothing to offer other than wham-bam-in-your-face speed. Great cover of *Led Zeppelin's Immigrant Song*, though.

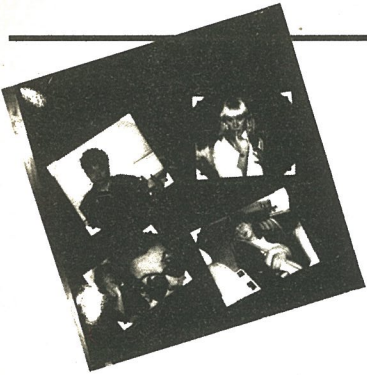
Leigh Hasan

We've Got A Fuzzbox And We're Gonna Use It, Big Bang!

I've got this theory that pop-rock talent is the inverse square (or something like that) of the amount of cash invested in the band's haircuts. If you examine this theory it seems to work out in practice: Rod Stewart, Led Zeppelin, Johnny Lydon, the Rolling Stones, Elton John... the more time they spent getting decent coiffes and manicures, the more generic their music became. Now, Fuzzbox had some really fun stoopid fuzz-punk-pop out in England a couple of years back when their clothing and haircuts all looked like multi-hued doggie barf. On this release, they do look darned cute with their carefully-mussed hair and gold lamé matching outfits—especially lead singer Vickie posed kneeling down on a stage with the microphone stand between her legs, but now the music sounds like doggie barf. Kindof like second-rate Miami Sound Machine doggie barf. My biggest complaint is that we were sent a cassette where the photos are real tiny—and they're definitely the best part of this package. (WEA).

Paul Gott

for cassettes only



The Raunchettes, *Scrapbook*

I'm no great supporter of the theory that a punk/hardcore band must come from California if it's gonna be good. Or that if it comes from California, it must be good. But there must be something going on 'coz this collection of Raunchettes stuff from their time in New York ain't nowhere as good as their California-resident EP released on BOMP a year or two ago. This is really average rock 'n roll, complete with an uninspired version of *My Boyfriend's Back*. Nothing here would suggest that they'd turn into a female California version of the Ramones. (Midnight Records, Box 390, Old Chelsea Station, New York, NY, USA 10011).

Paul Gott

Del Fuegos, *Smoking In The Fields*

Blake Cheetah Fools Inc. Presents 'Meet The Critics'—A guide to the Phenomenological Surrealist Margarine Czars, a short lived movement lasting approximately ten seconds in Parisian cafe circles of the 1930s. We here at RearGarde are cinching up the waistbands of our underwear with great pride as we present the last living exponent of this movement:

...still suffocating in a 2-D square condom, this album served with some relish and a cumberbund would probably make a fairly middle of the road flypaper. A special surprise was included—a shiny black disc 30cm in diameter that rotates 100 times every 3 minutes and produces complex waveforms with a signal-to-noise ratio, oh I'm guessing, in the area of 25 hertz way on up to the 18 kilohertz neighborhood (toe psoriasis, clockwise cork wiping of Kleenexpope, only two were named Alouitious in view of the holiday and everything, good morning, *Pineapple*. I feel plumb hangdog sluice-buggy. Why are you holding up your "angry card" your majesty?) but only when processed by the proper machineries. There are ten derivations in the grooves of this cumberbund of different lengths. And two of the same length; precisely, 3 minutes and twenty seconds. You may be wondering if this recording is manufactured in Scarborough, Ontario. Indeed, this is the case. (BMG Records.)

Jean-Marie Biff-Pierre Le Caoutchouc Lavabo. (Translator's note: he prefers being called **Monsieur J.M.B.P. The Rubber Sink**, thank you.)

Joe "King" Carrasco & the El Molino Band, *Tex-Mex Rock 'n' Roll*

This is the second collection of early Joe Carrasco material dug up by ROIR, and it's pretty good stuff. The emphasis is on the "Mex" here, with lotsa horns and choogly rhythms. Good long liner notes, nostalgic for the 70s (when this was recorded), credit every influence except the big one: Sam the Sham & the Pharaohs! Joe's cover of *Every Woman* (Crazy 'Bout an Automobile) is pretty close to the Sham's, and the overall party-Mex atmosphere is close too. Good spicy-food-and-beer music. Available on cassette only, like everything on ROIR. (ROIR, 611 Broadway, suite 411, New York, NY 10012, USA)

Gerard Van Herk

The Jesus and Mary Chain, *Automatic*
If you play the Velvet Underground at double speed, they sound a bit like the Ramones. If you play the Ramones at half speed, they sound like most of this record. Turning down the feedback/white noise makes

JMC's debt to 1976 New York much more evident. On a good day, that makes for chord progressions six feet high and oh-so-satisfying when they resolve, crunching back into that dreamy, fake-junkie grind. This time around, it wears thin after about five songs. Some of the lesser songs sound like all those loser American rock bands who tried to make one "punk" record in '77. A lot of the lyric ideas and images are repeated from song to song. This would have made a great 4-song EP, but as an album it just marks time. (*Blanco y Negro* WEA)

Gerard Van Herk

Testament, *Practice What You Preach*

Attention all headbangers! Here's one that should get your adrenalin flowing. Testament's third album is one that should satisfy the tastes of even the most choosy metalheads. Chuck Billy's powerful voice mixed with Alex Skolwick's intricate guitar licks make a fine combination indeed. With songs like *Sins of Omission*, *Greenhouse Effect* and my personal fave *Perilous Nation*. Testament is surely headed for the *Metallica/Anthrax/Slayer* stature that they truly deserve. Although the album does take a couple of listens for you to get the full affect of it, once the intensity takes its toll there's simply no end to the chaos. (WEA)

Leigh Hasan

Roy Orbison and Friends, *A Black and White Night, Live*

Nothing shows how unimportant the artist is to the music machine like the continued success of dead people. Without the musicians around to insist on their own identity, or do something embarrassing like get fat, we (record companies, media, fans) can all re-invent them to suit ourselves. You think anyone would like Ian Curtis if he was a pudgy whiner in his thirties? Or take Roy Orbison. Three years ago he was one of those bland pop guys hip rock critics love to hate, like Fabian or Bobby Rydell, playing (honest) at half-time at Ottawa RoughRiders games. Now he's dead, and boy, has he improved. Now I've got that out of my system, I have to say this is a very, very good record, much better than I expected. It's an incredibly well-recorded live gig from 1987. There are lotsa famous guests, like Elvis Costello, k.d.lang, Tom Waits, Jackson Browne, and Bruce Springsteen, but luckily every damn one of them is mixed so low that you can't hear 'em a bit. What you hear is Roy's voice (still good, but a lot weaker than in his prime) and the TCB band, fat dead Elvis' live band. Sixteen songs, all the big hits, performed in a restrained, "roots rock of the 80s" style. It's more pop than rock, but it coulda been a hell of a lot worse. A good Christmas gift for your parents. (Virgin)

Gerard Van Herk

The Primitives, *Pure*

Aargh. Twee pop. If you work for a campus radio station, this will probably be the favourite record of the really geeky DJs you can't stand. I bet this band will be successful. (BMG)

Gerard Van Herk

Bob Wiseman, *Sings Wrench Tuttle In Her Dream*

One of the Joes from Blue Rodeo takes poems by a guy named Wrench Tuttle, sets 'em to music, and plays and sings 'em. Another one of those "project" records. I feel uncomfortable reviewing this. If a record by a complete unknown on an independent label came in, with political and social lyrics, strained vocals, so-so production, lots of musical quirks and twists, and tons of Toronto scene guest musicians, I might be charmed by it. From a pop star on WEA, it rubs me the wrong way. I know that's unfair of me, but I see this as self-indulgent, musical slumming. I tried to like it, but I can't. (*Risque Disque/WEA*)

Gerard Van Herk

Breeding Ground, *Obscurity & Flair*
Here's another one I tried to like. Breeding Ground have been slogging it out in the Toronto scene for years, and this is on one of the few Canadian independent labels to have survived this long. That aside, this is middle-of-the-road jangly pop-rock. If this were on WEA, we'd all hate it and put it down in the snidest way possible. Actually, it's not a Terrible record. It's probably pretty good for what it is. Unfortunately, what it is is something that should be re-viewed on *Good Rockin' Tonight*, not in RearGarde. (*Fringe*, Box 670, Station A, Toronto, Ont M5W 1G2)

Gerard Van Herk



Guilt Parade, *coprophobia*

So, like, hey, it's the DK's. Well, no, um, it's the GP's. Kinda wow, kinda Now—nah, kinda like Then. But a good Then. A Then when 'coresters didn't have long tresses, when it was cool to be Politically Correct and when Jello didn't think he was no poet. Bottom line: The Is The Dead Kennedys circa 1983—the sound, the voice, the politics. Sub-Bottom line: This Is Good coz noone else bothers puttin' out stuff this straight-forward, this fast & this unpretentious any more. Cool roots-core. Best tunes: when the crank it on *Monochrome*, *Fuck Off America* and *Ode To An Asshole*. Bestest tune: A tuneful *Religion In American Life*. Worstest tune: A dragged out 'epic' version of *Heartbreak Hotel*. Stick to the orig.s, dudes. (*Fringe Product*, P.O. Box 670, Station A, Toronto M5W 1G2).

Johnny Zero

The Alarm, *Change*

In order to get past my ridiculous rep as reckless rock reprobate, I thought I would put forth the gentler, tender side of I, Cheetah, as an Uncle at Large. I've been teaching my ten year old "nephew" Timmy how to fly fish and how to throw a good 3 and 2 curve ball, and on those long walks we have through glen, dale, briar thicket and sunny woodland, I tell him about the myth of Prometheus and how he was condemned to spend eternity chained to a rock while vultures continuously ate out his heart (sounds like a few dates I've been on) various fore-play techniques and how to use your shoe-laces for a badger snare in case you get lost in the forest. I decided to let Timmy review this record, because even though kids are cruel midget Hitlers, I figured he wouldn't give me the standard, "The guitars are fuzzy and fast, the drummers kicks ass and the lyrics are like Husker Du." Nope, Timmy did not flounder in the clutch. And you know what my dear little imp, I just made you a new pair of muk-luks out of some spare waffles and string I had around the house. Anyways, Timmy's review is as follows: "This band is from across the ocean. Which is good. Because it is far. Tell them to stay there." (*IRS Records*)

Blake and Timmy

Do you realize that record vinyl is one of the dirtiest, most chemically-charged, unrecyclable materials to be produced in the world today? Well, then, get rid of all those worthless platters and send them to the **RearGarde Recycling Centre, P.O. Box 1421, Station H, Montreal, Quebec H3G 2N4.**

Hi friends. You know, the Ol' Rev here was pleased as all heck when he received the Divine Mission to talk about new cassette releases from struggling artists from all over the place. You know, the Rev's been around, and he knowa what it's like going into the studio for the first time and Doin' the Righteous Thing. One thing that's common to every band in the studio, is that they drink copious amounts of coffee. It's one of those unwritten Laws From Above which make rock'n'roll so much fun. So, it's obvious to all heck that the type of coffee a musician drinks is reflected in the music. It's like when That Real Big Guy Up There created the world in the first place; drinking black coffee all over the place (and none of this decaf junk either). But I digress.

First up is a band from Edmonchuck called **The Imagineers**. This here is like if The Minutemen met Steve Earle on hallucinogens, somewhere in the Mojave Desert, while Jimi Hendrix looks on and smiles. Great breaks and wacky control of the dynamics brought a smile to the Rev's face. It's like when you're driving in thick fog at night in northern New Brunswick—you don't know what's coming up next, so you get a good grip on the steering wheel, suck down the sludge in your TimCup, and let it happen. This band likes their coffee black, with a touch of sugar, and boy is it hot.

(13827-88 St., Edmonton, Alta T5E 3J1).

This next band here a blaspheming' all over the place. Superchristian like to chew on chocolate-coated coffee bean wrapped in aluminium foil. It's hard to say what's the best thing about their *God Was Gay* cassette. It's an unholy toss-up between the blast of white noise at the beginning of the songs, the blasts in the middle, or the final blast to tell you the song's over, which is a Good Thing. Not such a Good Thing is the knowledge that there's more songs to come. 25 perfidious tunes in all. If you're into quantity, this'll do it for y'all.

(no address).

And now boys and girls we have a band from Montreal that strongly believes in the old saying, Love Thy Neighbour. Love thy so much that the music sounds like the Stratejackets doing Rise doing the Asexuals. The band is called **The Campbells**, the music is pop/rock. The songs themselves aren't bad but tis the Ol' Recording Thing that just doesn't work. The vocals are buried and so is most everything else. I suspect the producer must have been drinking that darned awful decaf junk. Remember I warned y'all against it, but would you listen to the almighty Rev, nooo!

(PO Box 138 Station NDG H4A 3P5).

Some bands don't even drink coffee. Yes, some plebians have not opened their eyes up to the divine wonders of caffeine. Mere Image is one of 'em. Heck, they even sing about lost love while sipping tisane in a cafe. It just ain't right. Each member plays at least three instruments, and they all sing. Six sensitive songs by four sensitive guys.

(3559 Northcliffe Ave, Mtl PQ H4A 3K8).

Friends, you know when you pull your rig up to Dunkin' Donuts on the 401, you stride in and there's four yahoos talkin' 'bout how big their sexual organs are, and boy would they ever like to try out the waitress for size, well these fellows probably play in a band called **The Wammee**. Songs like *Headjob* and *Where the Girls Are* just didn't do it for the Rev. The bluesy rock'n'rolltype stuff was o.k., but won't get them to heaven.

(2 Boulton Ave #9, Toronto, Ont M4M 2J3).

Remember the guy who sat at the back of the class, always did his homework, wore keen plaid polyester things, and always won first prize at the science fair? Well, friends, this guy grew up, discovered black clothes and drum machines and became **Digital Poodle**. The tape, *Live Death* was recorded live from a concert, but you won't know it. The drum machine plays a steady beat though. Digital Poodle likes to drink the type of coffee you get at 7-11. It's called coffee all right, and it looks like coffee, sort of, but there's no guts to it. Just clean, sterile coffee that'll give you your rush and leave you with a massive headache.

(5 Admiral Road, Toronto, M5R 2L4).

Imagine a full-bodied cup of steaming hot coffee, brewed to perfection, with just a touch of milk and a smidgen of sugar. This is **Same Difference**. This here's an all-woman band, except for the token male on percussion. The high point is the singer. Her voice is the same you hear as when you're passing your local neighbourhood church basement, and you hear a voice wailing out songs of jubilation and Good Things. God love 'em!

(no address).

As you may have noticed by now, well maybe not, Emma has given over the cassette column to the Rev. basically because she's too fuckin' lazy to do it herself. (Actually it has a lot to do with a lame Shakespeare paper she had to write) But she did leave us one cassette review just so we wouldn't forget who's in charge here:

I'm pretty sure this is the second cassette I've reviewed from this band over the last year. The band is **Portable Ethnic Taxi** and fucked if I remember what their last cassette sounded like, but I'm almost positive it was poppy. This offering runs along the same lines. It's pop/rock but wait, it's not at all as sappy as that sounds. It's pretty powerful pop/rock, kinda like Blondie, but not really sounding like Blondie, but the same kinda punch. Catch my drift, I'm not sure I do either. Anyhoo, it's pretty cool stuff for all you pop fiends. Happy boppin' to you and all your loved ones over the Holidays.

(no address, for info call Cari 691-2972).

Next is a review by Dave McIntyre. Once again, Happy Holidays you dweeb! *Yo, Lester, homeboy! What is it, Travis T? Check it out, man. Got some Funky Cole Medina Junior Gone Wild (as in Wiiiiaaaaa-ellld!!!) Oh yes. I see it's entitled Folk You - The Guido Sessions. Catchy. That's the truth, Ruth! This is one down crew. Sixteen tracks fo' yo' Sony stacks! And, "in lieu of wax"? tee hee! Don't be dissin' my posse, Les. They gettin' paid!!* Ok, so what can we expect from this cassette? *This is hitsnbits comin atcha. A cool ten gets ya the live jive, plus the rough stuff... You mean live tracks and studio outtakes? Dat's right. Ah yes... rock music of the Neil Young/Andrew Cash genre; What's Going On, One Gun Town - Six Pack is quite humourous... good sound quality too. i believe Mr. McIntyre's concert review has more to say on the subject... Right on, man. The big mack got the dope on JGW. You can git this thang at their gigs only, an' if you ain't been to their gigs then you don't know what time it is. Word. Or you might want to write to:*

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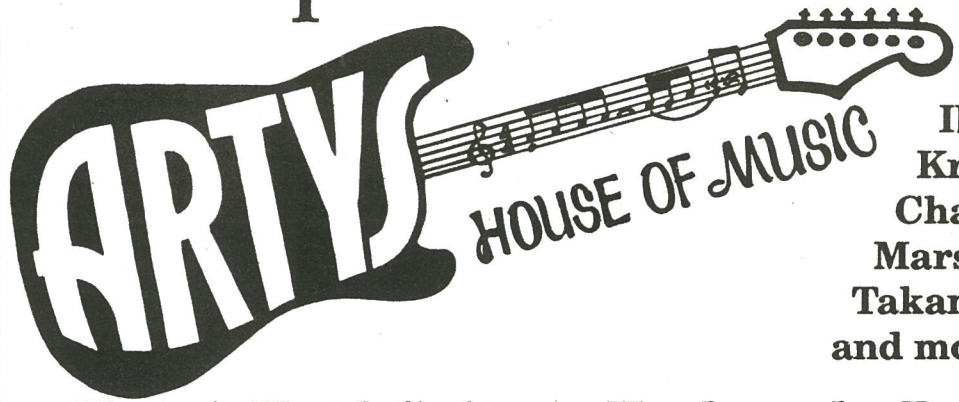
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THIRD MAN

Graham Duncan gave his blood for Rock 'n' roll. According to the **3rd Man In** apocrypha he changed from West Hill nerd to heavy duty punk hero for at least one day. It all happened in a Highschool movie for Mass Media class. Graham, desirous to be cool, sends away for his Acme Punk Kit. Zoom in as Brendan—the character he plays—pulls out the assortment of Punk accouterments out of the box; a torn T-Shirt, tatty sneakers and, building to the climax, a razor blade. The blood trickles as Brendan carves out the letters into his stomach. P... then the U... next the N, then the pain sets in and Graham cuts it a little short.

It's a moment in life Graham hasn't been able to live down. As well as his falling backwards into the drums as an opener for the **Cardboard Brains** at the Horseshoe resulting in the dismissal therein of 3rd Man In's founding member. He's since been let back in.

3rd Man In grew up in West Hill a community already cultivating its own thriving punk scene in 1979, mere months after the famed Crash and Burn Club. The Family Tree of West Hill is a weird hybrid beginning with **The Cardboard Brains**. Add the various **West Hillbillies** off-shoots which include **The Woods are Full of Cuckoos**, **The Lawn** and **The Plasterscene Replicas**. Graham, yearning for his own piece of the

Marble Giants and I don't think we'll ever have the emotional impact of Joy Division because that was based on somebody with a lot of emotional turmoil and became an eloquent delivery of that turmoil which we're not in.

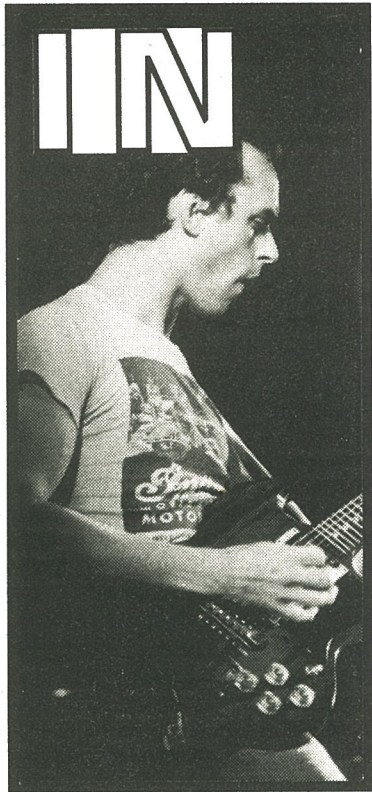
RearGarde: It's been a year since I've started following the band.

Lisa: We've accomplished a fair bit in the last year. We've made several attempts at a tape, which should be out soon. We have video that's not really in circulation yet but ready to go, and I think it's really good. One thing that satisfies me about the last year has been the respect that we've received from other musicians. Someone once told me that it's the kiss of death because if musicians come out to see you it doesn't mean a thing. Still, it's important that people I respect musically come out and see us and approve of what we do. Like when **NoMeansNo** can say that we're a pretty decent band in Toronto. In that sense it's been a worthwhile year.

Graham: My Dad came out for the first time ever.

RearGarde: Do you think you found your niche in the scene?

Lisa: I think it's a small peer group as far as musicians go but it includes some of the better bands in Toronto. I don't know if we necessarily qualify as one of those, but bands like **Change of**



around dressed like gnomes. We're all totally self taught. I learned by listening and learning little bits of **Ramones** and **Sex Pistols** songs. I realized right away that I would never be able to learn someone else's song all the way through, so I figured that I'd better write my own. Lisa learned by picking it up herself.

Lisa: If you were to come up with one particular philosophy for 3rd Man In it would have to be Do it Yourself. There's no need to take lessons and learn scales. All you have to do is pick up a guitar or bass and just by touching it you make a sound. It might not be to your liking sometimes, but sometimes it will. That's where the Punk Rock aspect comes into it. Anybody can play music, you don't have to be a master to have the right and pleasure to play music.

RearGarde: Do you still have nostalgia for teendom?

Graham: Nah! That's what *Back to Break* is all about. It's about kissing your teen years goodbye. You can't be a Teenager anymore and a lot of the things that you could luxuriate in aren't there anymore.

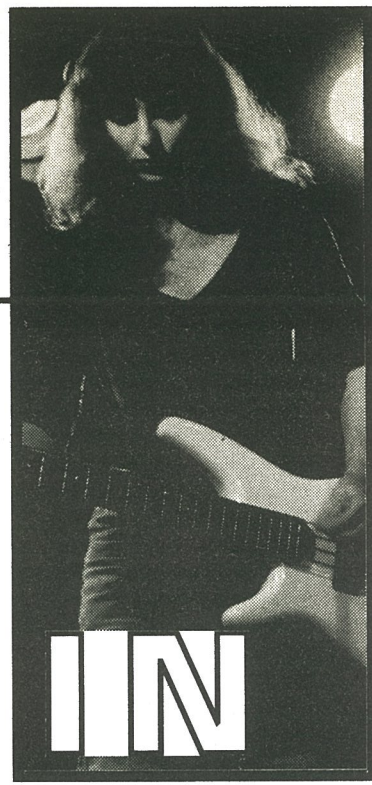
RearGarde: What's *Look Away* about then?

Graham: That's a specific teen issue. I saw a girl on the subway with her mother. They both had a frumpy ethnic appearance in comparison to some of their peers of the day. You could just see this girl, who had the potential to be a fashion plate like any of the other girls, she obviously desired it. I felt sorry for her. It seemed and inconsequential thing to worry about, but I remember as a teenager how I dressed was of supreme importance.

RearGarde: *New Fast*, the single.

Graham: It's all about the huge disservice that's done to people in the name of the commercialization of sexuality. How people have been taught to look towards an ideal. A sexually attractive person should be the person who when two people look at each other there's passion. That should be the most sexually attractive person in the world, not the person used to market beer.

Lisa: What Commercials do is tell us



what to love. If the person that you really love doesn't meet those standards you meet with dissatisfaction and that's the most insidious thing about commercials. Passion isn't something that you measure. It isn't a 36-24-36. *New Fast* is saying that our priorities are distorted and we have to go back to loving real people.

Graham: It's also about sex. When you talk about love, that's a portion of it. But what I was really addressing in the song is don't let your sexual energy be wasted on fantasies and lies.

Lisa: You want to love the person, not the picture in the magazine.

Graham: If 3rd Man In has any theme,

Lisa: It's more insidious because it's artistically interesting. It's just done by smart graphic designers who really know how to get people in their subconscious. The Film and Music Industry are just as guilty of it.

RearGarde: That's not all the music industry seems to be guilty of these days, speaking especially of the Toronto Scene.

Graham: It doesn't matter where you come from when you refer to the Music Industry.

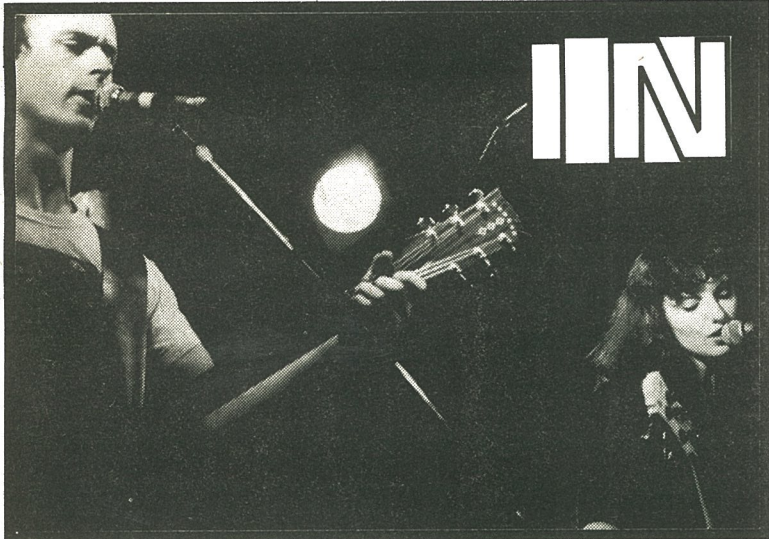
Lisa: The bands that seem to be "making it" are putting on big shows. That's what the majors seem to want. I don't see any connection between **Candi** and **Blue Rodeo** or the **Cowboy Junkies**.

RearGarde: But what's stopping the majors from signing the **Lawns**, **3rd Man Ins** and **Change of Hearts** of the World?

Lisa: Unfortunately, the music business misses the point. It's like music in small letters and business in Big letters. As long as things are like that bands like **No Mind**, **Change of Heart** or even us will be relegated to at best indie/alternative labels. But then again we're probably better here. at least we don't have people telling us to cap our teeth and change our hairstyle.

Graham: Or wear wigs!

Lisa: My biggest dream isn't getting



gloryformed 3rd Man In. The Original Line-up included Graham, Beef Wellington, Beats Working and so on through the **Brothers Gregory**, a guitarist and Drummer who would be **Replicas** and settling eventually in 1986 on the current trio of Graham (guitar), Lisa (bass) and oldtimer/Drummer Rob.

RearGarde: It's been ten years.

Graham: Not to really dwell on it. It just means I've been using the name for ten years. The current set-up is far removed from what it originally was. It's just that I've never come up with a better name.

RearGarde: Was 1979 power pop, post-positive punk in England the catalyst for what you could call 3rd Man In?

Graham: Yeah, that's pretty good. Any version of 3rd Man In you could call punky, but not punky. Now it's Punk without the anger, without uniformity across the board.

RearGarde: Lisa once said before she joined, 3rd Man In was a cross between **Joy Division** and **Young Marble Giants**.

Graham: They're both great bands. we'll never be as minimal as Young

Heart, **Scott B Sympathy**, **No Mind** and **13 Engines** are all decent people and it's comforting to now we're not pariahs.

RearGarde: What are you listening to nowadays?

Lisa: I listen to all types of music. I try to keep an open mind to everything that friends let me hear. The last records that I've bought have been **Mudhoney**, **The Pixies**, **Metallica**, **Sonny Sharrock**, **NoMeansNo**, **UIC**, and **John Coltrane**, oh, and **Hendrix**. I guess if there's one thing that connects all these records it's innovation, originality. Although since I joined a band I find that I'm listening less to records, I prefer the live experience much more now. Doing it yourself is really important.

Graham: I think that the "doing it yourself" attitude is one of the most important things to happen over the last few years. It's a cliché now to say that we all benefited from it but you can't overstate it enough. The idea that anybody with guitars and drums in a basement can produce good material and hold their own in any club without having to put on goofy suits and run



I'd say that's the closest to it.

Lisa: I'd say that's probably our theme—sexual equality.

RearGarde: What about the **Black Label Ads**?

Graham: That's just the same old wad of shit coming out of a new animal. It's exactly the same as all the other commercials. People talk about them as though they're some kind of breakthrough. It's the same old lie.

signed to a Capitol or MCA. I'd die happy if someone like SST called us up, but I don't think that's going to happen. I've latched onto the idea of being significant as opposed to famous. Trying to make a significant contribution as opposed to becoming the next **Exene Cervenka**, I don't think that's going to happen either.

Interview conducted by P.S. Marlboro.



CRACK

by Phil Saunders

This month we peruse some new and old releases as well as some kind of live review.

David Murray has released a new LP on Black Saint featuring Piano great John Hicks, Bassist Ray Drummond and Drummer Ralph Peterson Jr. (whom I never heard of, sorry). Called *I want to talk about you* it was recorded live in Boston. It includes a new version of the Murray classic *Morning Song* as well as a Ray Drummond Composition called *Quads* and a Hicks comp. called *Heart to Heart*. Most of the record is admittedly dinner Jacket Jazz (see *Forced Exposure*), but like his last release *Ming's Samba*, (obscurely available through CBS on Portrait and features Ed Blackwell instead of Peterson) this record helps you to realize the extraordinary style of David Murray. Those of you still stuck on Coltrane might appreciate the sliding door of David Murray. (Black Saint 120 105-1).

However, Peter Brotzmann's *Clarinet Project* acts as more of a trap door. Released two years ago on Germany's FMP (Free Music Productions) it's a new discovery for me. Then again Brotzmann is always somewhat of a new discovery. I remember hearing him on *Last Exit*'s first record a couple of years ago and being convinced that this kind of insanity deserved professional help. This record is definitely a more palatable treat. Notables include John Zorn, Louis Sclavis, E.L. Petrovski and Tony Coe. Although this record has those exhilarating Brotzmann explosions at least here he gives us a little bit more foreplay. If you were ever in doubt before, here's proof that there's a lot more meat to Peter Brotzmann, no matter what Diamanda Galas says. (Berlin djungle - Brotzmann Clarinet Project, FMP 1120. FMP: Lubecker Strasse 19. D-1000 Berlin 21 (WEST)). Get this. Your Future Depends on It.

Borbetomagus. Even the name incites pandemonium. Although I couldn't find Borbetomagus in the English dictionary, I found Borborygmus which means a rumbling sound made the movement of gas in the intestine. That'll do just fine.

This trio have released enough records to warrant their own section in your record store and recently did something with Sonic Youth's Thurston Moore (or he with them or something). I could tell you that these guys are incredible, but that would be an understatement to you and to them. Two saxes, one guitar and absolutely no tonal or apparent structural coherence. They recently made their Canadian debuts in Toronto and Montreal. My entire being was exhausted and I yearned for something a little more mellow like Napalm Death. (Most of their records can be gotten through Agaric Records, 48 White Ave, South Nyack, New York, 10960)

Which conveniently brings us to my next point of interest. It's out and in stores: *Spy vs. Spy* featuring John Zorn and Tim Berne on saxes, Mark Dresser on bass and Joey Baron and Michael Vatcher on drums. Okay, those are the specifics, here's the point: When I was fifteen I heard Ornette Coleman, when I was seventeen I heard Motorhead, then I heard this.

Imagine Ornette Coleman arranged for Hardcore/ Jazz ensemble. For those of you that always liked jazz but found it a little long in the tooth, Dig This. The average length of the seventeen tunes on the album is under two minutes, somehow they managed to squeeze it all in anyway. Clearly the strongest influence on the record is Napalm Death. Don't ask, just put on your moshing boots and Go!!! (Elektra Musician, see WEA).

I called our man in New York to fill out this month's column. Cellist Tom Cora, Peter Hollinger, Elliot Sharp (guitars and toys) and Saxophonist Ned Rothenburg, just finished a tour in the Eastern Bloc consisting mostly of the Baltic States. I guess this has something to do with Glasnost. German guitarist Hans Riechel and Cora will be releasing a CD for FMP as a duo. It was recorded live and sure to be slightly anarchic. Czechoslovakian Duo Iva Bittova and Pavel Fajt recently did a series of concerts in the U.S., clearly the highlight of the last few months in the shrivelling Apple.

In New York electronic experimentalist Nicolas Collins will be releasing a CD of duos with various musicians along the lines of Hat Art's Rodan CD. Toronto madman and Plunderphonics king pin has released his long-awaited CD. It will featured plundered versions of (which means he has digitally sampled and otherwise altered) Michael Jackson's *Bad*, appropriately titled *Dab*, *Metallica*, *Public Enemy*, *Captain Beefheart*, *Igor Stravinsky* and of course *James Brown* and more. It will be made available only to public access groups or institutions, much like his EP of last year. To see about receiving one you can write John Oswald, Box 727 Station P, Toronto, M5S 2Z1. (Oh yeah, get Nicolas Collins at Trace Elements, 172 East 4th St. Suite 11d, Ny, Ny 10009).

You can send me stuff at Rear Garde Toronto c/o Phil Saunders Box 663 Station P. Toronto, M5S 2Y4. See ya soon.

Special Thanks to the Record Peddler, Mike Dyer (Panic Productions) and The CD Bar.

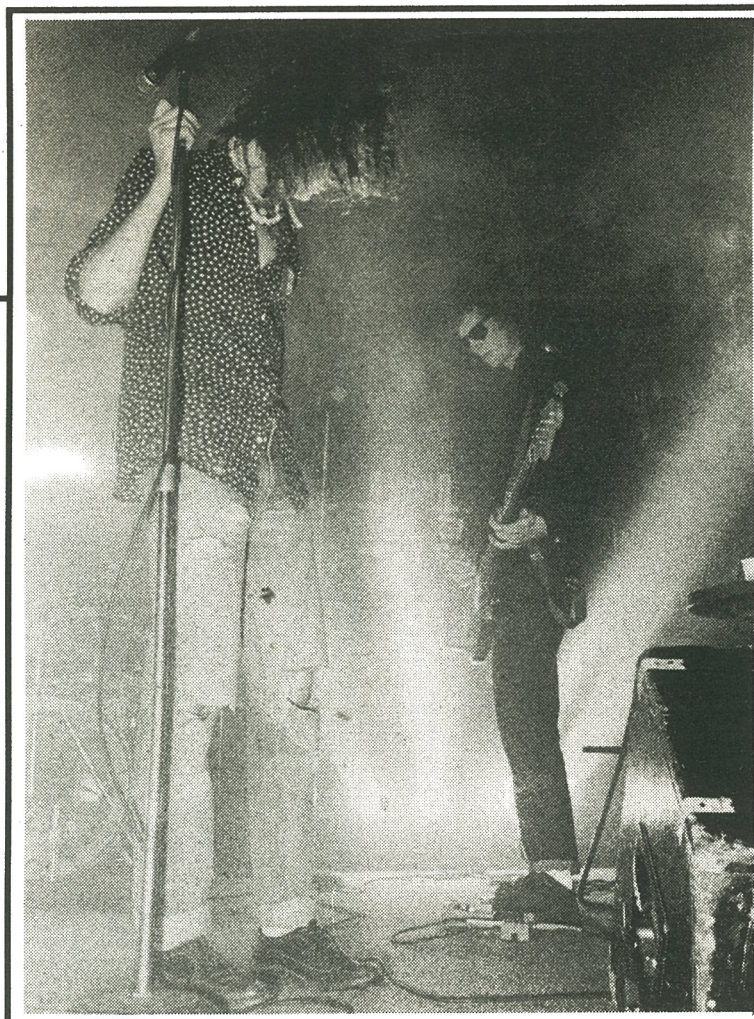


PHOTO: (Top) Marcus Pearson
(Bottom) Bruce Lam

These are a series of dialogues conducted in a micro-parody of the real world—that of the Flaming Lips. They played amidst a maze of smoke and strobe lights earlier this October at The Rivoli. There was something deep going on because you couldn't see the band, and you heard those familiar psychedelic feedback guitar sounds and that stream of consciousness ranting about nothing. Perhaps we didn't notice the intensity.

Maybe they're just illusive showmen however, and its by talking to them that you reveal those clever insights into their music and those philosophical views on general societal mayhem. Maybe... just don't read too deep.

Rear Garde: What's that around your neck? Some kind of Voodoo doll?

Wayne: No, it's a Shrinky Dink. You know, you draw on them and stick them in the oven and they shrink? It's plastic stuff.

RearGarde: A couple of years back I saw you with the Butthole Surfers. Was that how you started getting more popular?

Wayne: We didn't just play Toronto with them, you know? We played a couple of places in Texas and we played Boston and a few places in Virginia. Yeah, I guess they helped us a little bit.

RearGarde: It seems like strange combination, apart from the name. Your music is so different from the Surfers'.

Wayne: What, you really think so? I mean how can you compare noise with noise? I think we're more atmospheric than they are. I mean we're up there playing, it's a gas. You know we only hit like four songs tonight? I couldn't see....

Voice of Reason: We didn't notice.

Wayne: Yeah, we couldn't see each other, there was so much smoke.

RearGarde: What happened to your old drummer, Richard English?

Wayne: Oh, that guy's different. He's just weird. He has a lot of problems. He just likes being at home. We went to Europe over Thanksgiving and Christmas last year. We were supposed to have a couple of months off to dick around and we ended up playing more shows and he just, you know....

RearGarde: Well it didn't seem that difficult of a transition to slot a new drummer in there.

Wayne: It really wasn't. We've known Nathan for a long time and Richard quit and we were doing some show on the east coast and we played without him, we just went along and played without a drummer.

Voice of reason: Those must have been really great shows, man those people were lucky.

RearGarde: I think the eighties have represented a desensitization of people, bands have been especially preoccupied with the macabre and morose side of things, why do you think that is?

Wayne: I think it's been happening all along. They just sensationalize on it.

FLAMING



LIPS

RearGarde: But judging from your new album cover you seem to be marketing it as well.

Wayne: Are we? No Way!! I mean we're not. We're just in a band. You should really do what you like. I mean we can get up when we want, we don't have a boss, we can play as loud as we want, that's why we're in a band because we want to do just what we want to do.

RearGarde: Yes, but wouldn't you like to actually have something to say, rather than just put a cool picture of an eyeball on your album cover and just leave it at that?

Wayne: Well, people like Bruce Springsteen and Tracy Chapman and people who are speaking about things that concern the World, they talk about shit that I really don't know a lot about, like that Apartheid stuff.

RearGarde: What?!... I didn't mean that. I mean your image, or rather your record company's image doesn't fit with your lyrics.

Wayne: It used to be the way it was, I mean you were rebelling against the norm. When the Beatles came over and they had long hair. To rebel against the norm is the norm. If you're going to rebel against that shit then that's really being normal, that's totally status quo. We really don't care that much.

RearGarde: If that's the case then you really don't care about your lyrics either? For instance: Please take the pain away/ but don't take my brain away/ 'cause it hurts too much to think anyway. You must be thinking about something.

Wayne: Well! I mean, 'cause we think a lot—you know if you live in our World, we can't really bitch about money and stuff. We make a lot of money and it's bogus. Sometimes we play for like twenty minutes.

RearGarde: You don't feel guilty about that?

Wayne: We play for ourselves. We don't even look at the audience. We don't make set lists or anything. I mean sometimes we only play two songs.

RearGarde: So then it's kinda like a jam session then?

Wayne: Oh no, we don't look at it like a Jam session. That's like Doobie Brothers or The Grateful Dead.

RearGarde: No, I was thinking it's more like what a garage band does.

Wayne: We like the whole Volume thing because none of us really play very well. We know some good notes but we can't really play, that's why we use feedback.

RearGarde: Who writes your lyrics then?

Wayne: Well we come up with a few lines and then when we get in the studio it just sort of comes. When you're all on the same drug you don't even have to talk, you know? They're mostly stream of consciousness. Lyrics have to sound cool first so when we're jamming we just sort of—"oh, that word is good or this one sounds cool," that's just the way we think.

I think the Flaming Lips are going to be kings of the Underground for the eighties and that's sad. My kids and my kid's kids are going to pick up their albums with eyeballs on the covers and say, "Wow, Those Flaming Lips. Who got burnt where?"

Interview conducted by P.S. Marlboro

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ence, but on the whole the band has tightened up and opened the garage door a crack to let in some pop influences.

Kentucky's Bitch Magnet turned in a set of well-meaning but pretty anonymous distortion-guitar American Music, but the surprise high point of the evening was Spain's Sex Museum. I expected wither garage-clones or bad Hard Rock, but instead they were good hard Rock. I don't dig the style, but they did it really well. After the crowd got over seeing a band open a set with an Alice Cooper cover, they got into it and we all had fun.

by Gerard Van Herk

Every year around Halloween, European music business types head east for Berlin Independence (BID), three days of seminars and panel discussions and display booths and concert showcases. This year, I got to go.

For anyone who's ever been to a "business conference," BID is a welcome change. The hype level's lower than American conference or the big MIDEM conference in Cannes. About 300 people show up, 60 companies set up booths, and everyone gets to hear a lot of good music.

BID is much more "underground" oriented than I expected. Instead of major label scum wearing designer jeans to look "street smart," I saw lots of regular people—t-shirt and sneaker types—trading addresses, checking out each others' records and magazines, exchanging gossip and tips, and recovering from hangovers.

At the SST booth, Greg Ginn gave away promo CDs. At the front door, Fred the security guard handed out demo CDs for his band, Rubbermind Revenge. In one corner, an organizer with a sense of humour had given side-by-side booths to Semaphore and Fire Engine, two distributors locked in cut-throat competition for the German indie market.

Most of us just wandered about. The seminars and panel discussions, like those at any conference, got a bad reputation right away. "There's interesting people on the panels," everyone was saying. "But nobody wants to share any secrets."

Walking the floor was more rewarding. It was a lot like visiting the market in a small village. Every few feet I'd run into someone I knew, or someone I'd just read about: Greek garage label owners, Finnish magazine editors, Swiss concert promoters, German mail-order distributors.

BID is mostly German-oriented, obviously, but in only two years of existence it's developed a European reputation. Already, people were complaining that this year's edition was more "commercial." The British pop slime were starting to show up, with their two-colour business cards and their useless techno bands.

Luckily, the evening showcases gave us all a chance to choose our favourite style of music and see bands most of us had only read about. Nine Berlin clubs offered a whole range of styles and degrees of fame. I spent every night at the Ecstasy on Hauptstrasse, partly because it was the garage-rock headquarters and partly 'cause I got to shoot pool for free.

Saturday was opening night for the whole conference, with the biggest crowd Ecstasy was to get during BID. I saw Greek garage band the Last Drive for the third time. Away from their adoring local fans, they floundered a little. Rock-star moves that make sense in Athens drew snide laughs from the jaded Berlin audi-

Monday night I got to see the band I'd been waiting for, Finland's 22 Pistepirkko. We shot pool till 2:30 a.m. waiting for them (by this point, I was actually learning the game), but they were more than worth it. Lots of the crowd had stuck around, too, and knew the songs and the band.

Pistepirkko are hard to describe. To keep it simple, they're like a cross between the Fun Club and the Violent Femmes. There are three of them: a whiney-voiced singer who plays great crunchy guitar, a light-fingered bass player who doubles on keyboard, and an incredibly good drummer who plays jazzy jungly Bo Diddley rock beats and sings the "nice" songs.

The band's songs are mostly short. They set up a thumping, hypnotic garage-blues groove, then throw in off-hand vocals and really clever drum fills and instrumental flourishes. It sounds precious and wimpy on paper (and, I admit, on their records), but live it KILLS. These guys are tighter and more aware of what the other musicians are doing than anyone I've seen since Nomeansno.

After about four songs, the crowd was howling its approval, even dancing. I recognized just a few Pistepirkko originals, like Bone Bone Baby and the great-but-wimpy 33.45, so I can only tell you about the covers: Near the end they did a perfect version of Jody Reynolds' Fire of Love, and for their first encore followed a dreamy ballad with the burningest, tear-the-paint-off-the-ceilingest version



Rubbermind Revenge.

Deja Voodoo played next and were good as always.

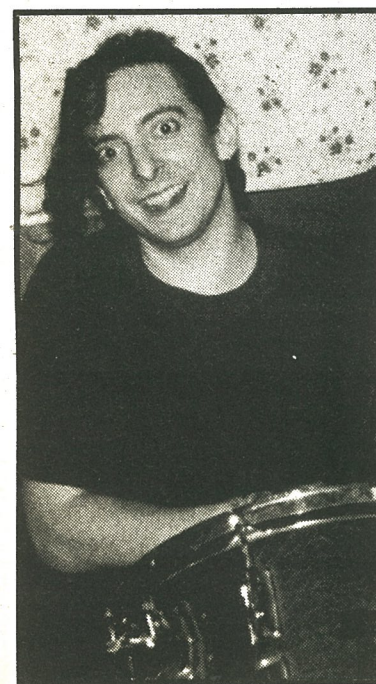
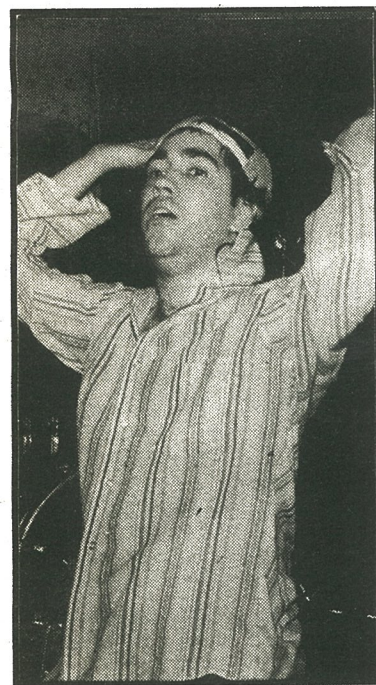
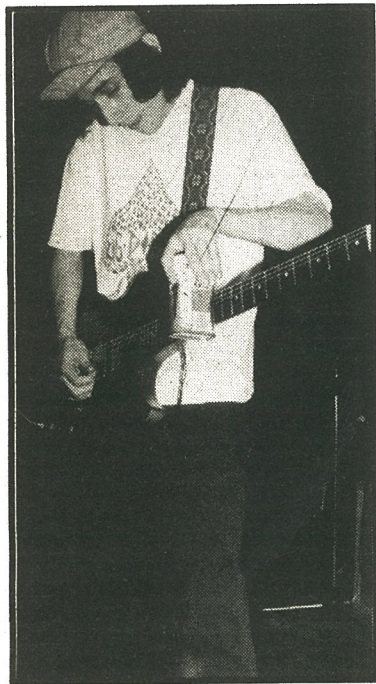
Sunday was La Francophonie night at Ecstasy. Two bands from France who were so exciting I forgot their names and La Muerte from Belgium all lived up to the road adage. "No matter how good and different you sound on record, a month in a stinky van turns all rock bands into grungy tired third-generation almost-hard-rock." This was the night I played a lot of pool.

of Psycho (by the Sonics) I've ever heard.

I guess after Pistepirkko anything would have been anticlimactic, so it's a good thing we left Berlin the next day, with everyone taking home a pile of magazines and demos and new favourite bands to rave about. Ten days later, the Berlin Wall was toppling and I missed it.

BERLIN CITY OF FESTIVALS

WACKY HIJINKS WITH THE DEAD MILKDUDES



Okay, so we've already had a wonderful interview with these dudes from Philly this year. But you know how it is, they're back in this neck of the woods again, and I need an excuse to get into a concert for free, take some photos, hang out with rock stars and watch the Milkmen photocopy their faces in the backroom of Cafe Campus.

So here we go with something completely different, serving the dual purpose of Reargarde filler and free publicity for the Dead Milkmen... Word association with Rodney Anonymous and friends.

RearGarde: Crack.

Rodney: Butt.

RearGarde: G.W.A.R.

Other Milkman: Killer.

Rodney: KISS.

RearGarde: Dead Milkmen.

Rodney: Bay City Rollers.

RearGarde: Pornography.

Rodney: Godlike.

RearGarde: Water.

Rodney: Rabies.

RearGarde: The colour red.

Rodney: The Colour Purple.

RearGarde: Ice cream.

Rodney: When someone steps on my foot, I scream.

RearGarde: Heroin.

Other Milkman: Horse.

Phone rings.

Rodney: Can I get this?

Phone rings again.

Rodney: picks up the phone.

Rodney: Hello.

Other Milkman: Bonjour.

Rodney: Bonjour.

Someone else: Bonsoir.

Cafe Campus guy takes care of the caller.

Dead Milkmen: Gutten Nach....Gutten

Tag....Sac a poubelle.

RearGarde: Can we continue?

Rodney: Sorry.

RearGarde: Phone call.

Rodney: Prank.

RearGarde: Canada.

Rodney: Labatt's.

RearGarde: Philadelphia.

Rodney: Schmitts.

RearGarde: Sex.

Rodney: Hmfff.

Other Milkman: Yummy.

Rodney: Video camera.

RearGarde: Video camera.

Rodney: Trouble. Endictment.

RearGarde: Rob Lowe.

Other Milkman: Mud Jack.

Rodney: Mud jack.

RearGarde: Religion.

Rodney: Scientology.

RearGarde: New Order.

Rodney: Boring.

RearGarde: Cover song.

Other Milkman: It depends on the band.

Rodney: Bangles are my answer.

RearGarde: Duran Duran.

Rodney: Mud jack.

RearGarde: Time.

Rodney: Mud jack.

The end.

Session conducted by Shawn Scallen.



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Friday, December 15

THE MINSTRELS

Saturday, December 23

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with VIKTOR MATURE

Sunday, December 31

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with JERRY JERRY

DRUM WARZ

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11. The Money Makers
12. Jam Night with Mike Phoenix
13. Pacific
14. Mirror Image
16. Bokonon
18. The Fuhrer's Project
19. Jam Night with Mike Phoenix
20. Still Smiling
21. Johnny Arse and the Dogs
22. Wild Frontier
- 24 & 25. CLOSED
26. Jam Night with Mike Phoenix
27. Yck Inc.
28. Mourning After
29. Romance
30. Beyond The Pale
- JANUARY 1. CLOSED
2. Jam Session with Mike Phoenix
3. The Money Makers
4. Mental Wealth
- 5 & 6. Bokomaru

PHOTO: Bonnie Dawe

By Graham Russell

San Francisco-based singer/songwriter Chris Isaak may have yet to achieve the massive commercial breakthrough anticipated since his record debut in 1985, but he already has a rabid following in Ottawa, as evidenced by the attendance at Barrymore's, at his recent concert.

His latest release, *Heart Shaped World*, may finally elevate Isaak beyond cult status, but he's certainly not lacking for hip and influential admirers already.

Top fashion photographer Bruce Webber (of the kinky Obsession perfume ads) photographed the cover of Isaak's second album and featured Isaak in his documentary about late jazz great Chet Baker; director Jonathon Demme originally wanted Isaak for his film *Something Wild*, then featured him in a cameo role in *Married to the Mob*; and his music is featured prominently in the soundtrack of the cult favourite *Blue Velvet*. His three albums have been critically acclaimed and *Rolling Stone* dubbed him the "Hot Rock and Roller" of 1987.

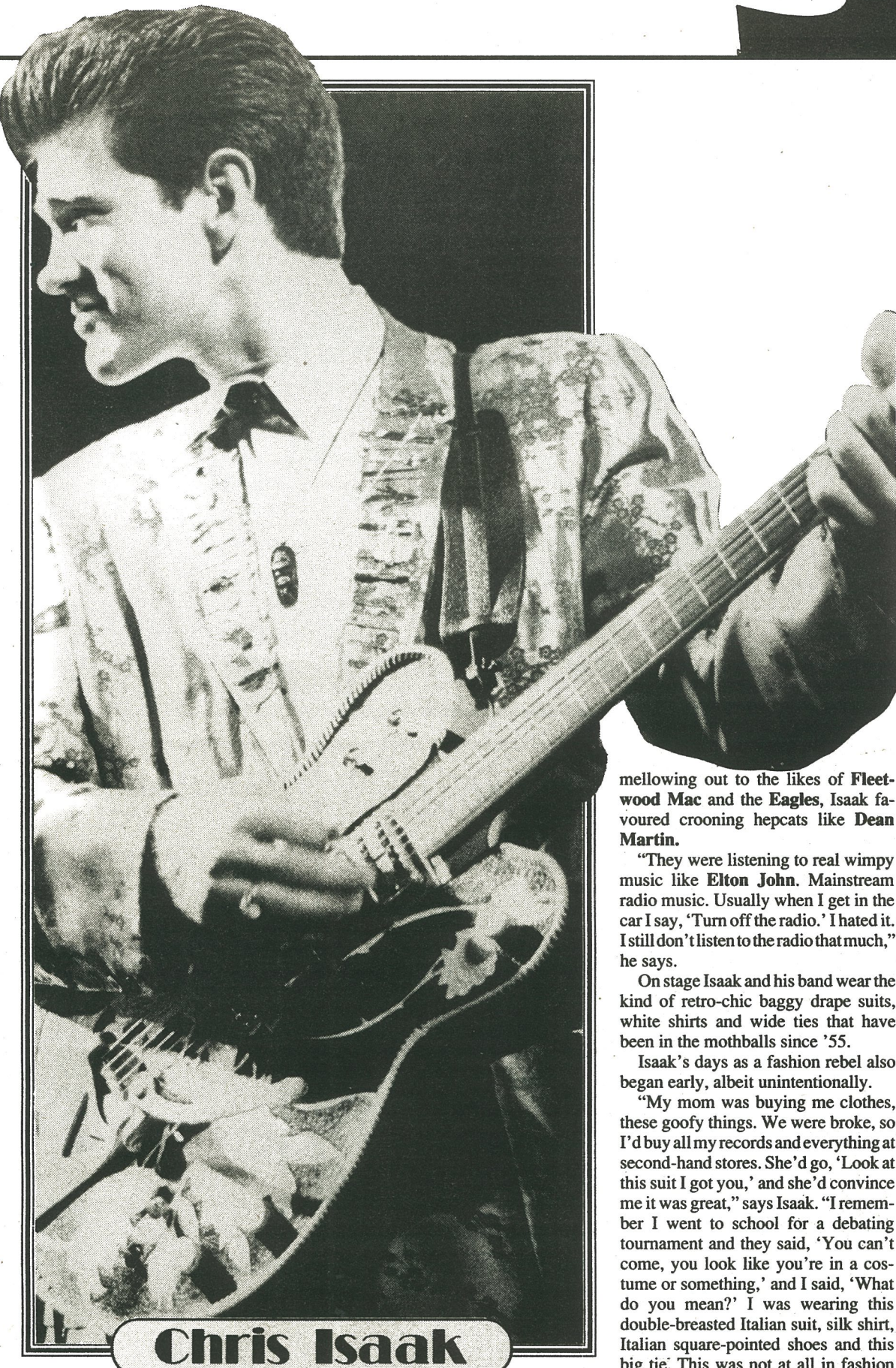
Undoubtedly, part of Hollywood's enthusiasm for Isaak is due to his 1950's-style heartthrob looks—from a distance he could pass for Ricky Nelson or Sun Session-era Elvis (Elvis with a broken nose that is—sustained from Isaak's stint as a light-heavy weight boxer prior to his singing career.)

The industry hype hasn't gone to Isaak's head, though. In person, the 33-year-old singer is a complete anomaly for a rock star. He's shy, soft-spoken, has a loopy, self-deprecating sense of humour, eschews drugs and alcohol and even speaks affectionately of his mother back home in Stockton, California.

Backed by his three-piece band Silverstone, Isaak makes stark, melancholic, instantly familiar-sounding ballads driven by ghostly rockabilly/surf guitar riffs and his own plaintive, Roy Orbison-style falsetto, completely divorced from any current musical trends.

This suspicion of trends dates back to his childhood, when his early musical tastes were shaped by the likes of Hank Snow, Hank Williams, Jerry Lee Lewis, and Fats Domino, found in the record collections of his father and older brother.

While his bell bottom-clad teenage contemporaries in the early 70's were



Chris Isaak

mellowing out to the likes of Fleetwood Mac and the Eagles, Isaak favoured crooning hepcats like Dean Martin.

"They were listening to real wimpy music like Elton John. Mainstream radio music. Usually when I get in the car I say, 'Turn off the radio.' I hated it. I still don't listen to the radio that much," he says.

On stage Isaak and his band wear the kind of retro-chic baggy drape suits, white shirts and wide ties that have been in the mothballs since '55.

Isaak's days as a fashion rebel also began early, albeit unintentionally.

"My mom was buying me clothes, these goofy things. We were broke, so I'd buy all my records and everything at second-hand stores. She'd go, 'Look at this suit I got you,' and she'd convince me it was great," says Isaak. "I remember I went to school for a debating tournament and they said, 'You can't come, you look like you're in a costume or something,' and I said, 'What do you mean?' I was wearing this double-breasted Italian suit, silk shirt, Italian square-pointed shoes and this big tie. This was not at all in fashion

then. When I went to school everyone else was, like, 'What're you doin' man?'"

He describes *Blue Velvet*'s David Lynch as "one of those genius types" and he enjoyed working with Jonathon Demme on *Married to the Mob*, whom he characterizes as "a very nice man and very normal. That's saying a lot for people from Hollywood. He wasn't a dooper or a crazy or some kind of deviant, so I thought, OK, I can hang out with him."

In the film Isaak appears briefly as a gun-toting fast food gangster.

"All I had to do was shoot a few people. He could have got someone to kill real people for the amount of money he paid me," he says.

Isaak also recorded with doomed jazz legend Chet Baker prior to his death.

"Chet Baker's a real trip, man. I don't do drugs and it's hard for me to tell (if Baker, a heroin addict, was strung out), but he talked awful slow. He was very shy until he picked up his trumpet."

The biggest thrill for him, though, was befriending his idol and most obvious influence, Roy Orbison, before his death. Orbison had originally contacted Isaak to appear on his HBO special *An Evening In Black and White*, on which Orbison jammed with the likes of Tom Waits, k.d. lang, and Bruce Springsteen, but Isaak had other commitments.

"I was so thrilled. The first time I talked to him, when I hung up the phone I jumped up in the air. I thought, this is it. This is why I'm in show business."

Isaak is philosophical about the still-elusive Top 40 hit that would make him a household name: "It doesn't frustrate me. If I just keep making good records and keep a certain audience of people who like my records every time and don't let them down, keep a good band together, other good things will happen. If I just shoot for a hit, I might screw everything up and make a bunch of goofy disco records or something."

As of yet, the only place he's had a Top 40 hit is in France, which he says is because "the French are damn sensitive people, that's why."

For someone known primarily as a balladeer, Isaak and his no-frills band Silverstone put on a surprisingly varied, up-tempo show at Barrymore's, but it was the hurtin' songs, showcasing Isaak's haunting voice, that left the biggest impression.

LIFE AMONG MIRTH AND DARKNESS

BY RIA STOCHEL

So Empusa & Sergeant-major Coloste Lalune are aware of the predicament our Sisters are in after all...

Just what kind of mission have these two let Mirth & Darkness be part of... eh...?

The monitors show that the mission is going as planned... they have entered the dungeon!

Unfortunate isn't it that the darlings must face such a situation as now, to be able to tap into the energies they need to progress to PHASE II. The transformation is imminent!

SLAM We've lost it Mirth... Empusa has no way of saving us... we're beyond their reach... beyond her powers... oooh but I have given up yet...

OOF this is all so IRRATATING

That is it... we've had it... we want out out of the dungeon, out of being Empusa's little sisters, little pawns... dependants... This is so infuriating... yes fury... anger is boiling over. Anger is power yes... Vess... like fear... and strength... Unleash in me Sahr... for she is the Night? Remember nothing hath the fury of a woman scorned...

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GET IT?
GOT IT?
GOOD.



Rob

John

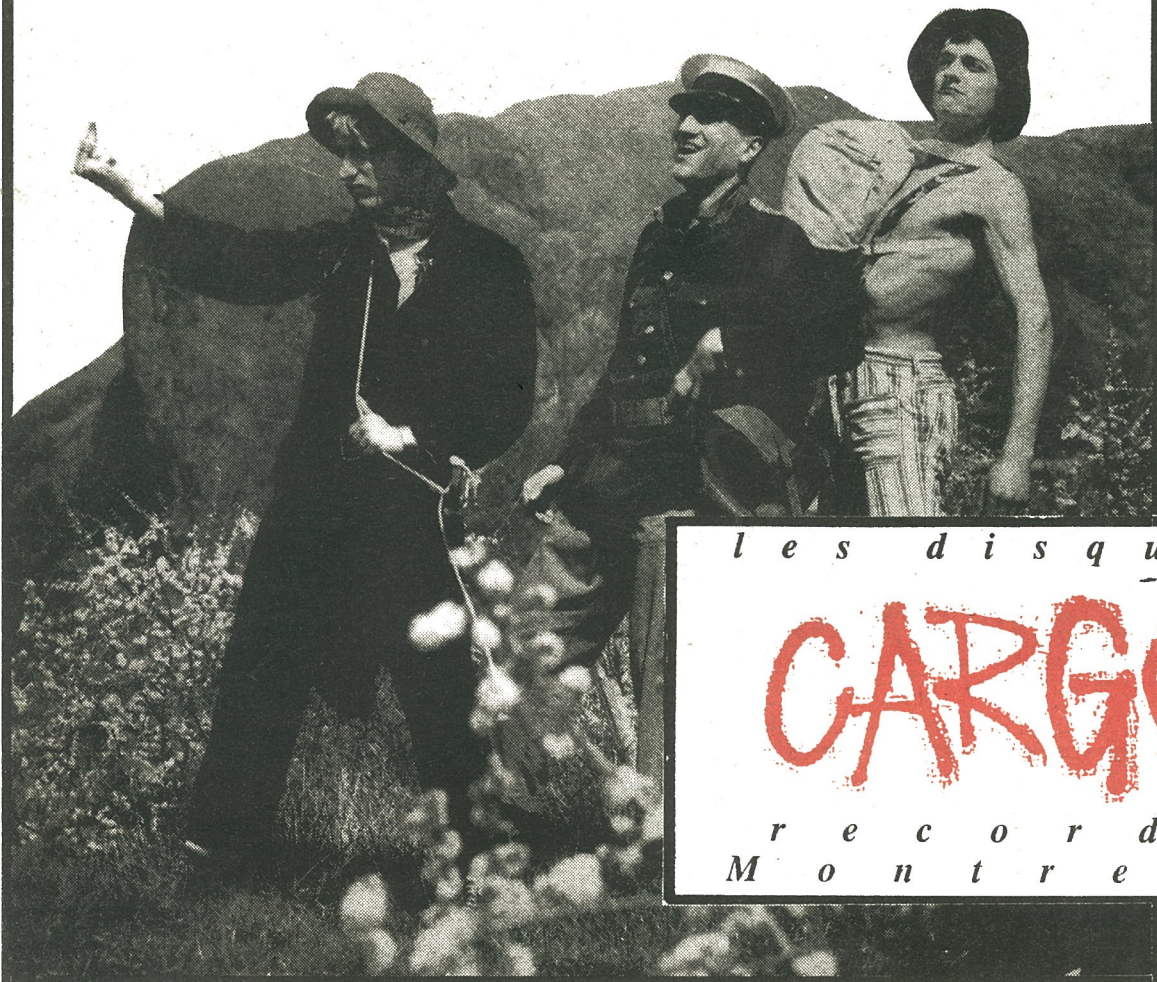
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